OBSERVATIONS ON

A Journey

THROUGH

SPAIN AND ITALY TO NAPLES;

AND THENCE TO

SMYRNA AND CONSTANTINOPLE:

Comprising a Description of the Principal Places in that Route,

And Remarks on the present Natural and Political state of those Countries.

VOL II.

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A JOURNEY TO LISBON, &c.

CHAP. I.

Algeciras to Leghorn.

On or about the 18th of December, I embarked at Algeciras, on board of an American vessel, the Calpe, bound for Leghorn. The wind blowing freshly from the westward, we sailed fast out of the bay, being careful not to come within the range of the guns of Gibraltar, the English generally endeavouring to detain all vessels from Algeciras; and the Spaniards in like manner those from Gibraltar. As it was nearly evening before we got under weigh, darkness quickly veiled this singular mountain from our view; and, favoured by the current from the Atlantic, through

the straits, we were soon completely within the Mediterranean. For four and twenty hours the wind continued favourable; at the end of which time it became adverse, when we were already off Cape de Gatt, a high promontory, which, with its dependent mountains, were covered toward their summits with snow. This change obliged us to keep beating between Cape de Gatt and Alboran, a small low island towards the African coast, apparently barren and uninhabited. In this manner, with the usual varieties of winds and weather, on the sixth day we passed the islands Majorca and Minorca, and on the eighth were between Corsica and the continent.

The whole of these islands, as well as the corresponding lands on the main, have a similar character, being high and mountainous, with many sharp peaks, and profound vallies, and present at a distance a barren and rugged appearance. Finding ourselves thus almost in the Gulph of Genoa, we began to indulge the hope of a

speedy termination to our voyage; but now the wind again failed us, and after a deceitful calm of twelve hours, began to blow from the south east with great fury.

Had the captain been well acquainted with these seas, we might have ventured to run directly for Leghorn; but that not being the case, we were obliged to keep, as nearly as we could guess, midway between Corsica and the Main. For two days and nights the weather continued stormy, at the same time with so thick a haze that we could not discern any object at the distance of a cable's length a-head. On the morning of the third day it cleared up and fell calm, when we once more had a view of Corsica on the one hand, and on the other the high mountains at the bottom of the Gulph of Genoa, covered with snow. The ensuing night we were so near to Leghorn that we could discern the light-house; but calms or baffling airs still prevailing, we did not anchor in the

roads until the fifteenth day after sailing from Algeciras.

These roads are formed by a long rocky bank, called the Milora, which affords them some shelter to the westward, and breaks the violence of the sea when it blows hard from that quarter. A small white tower stands on the southern, and serves, with the light-house, to direct the mariner. In many parts of this bank the sharp rocks appear above water, when the weather is fine. But in storms the sea breaks over them with tremendous violence; covering the whole length of the bank with white waves, and making an incessant roaring. Ships liable to quarantine are obliged to anchor in the roads for several days, and are then only admitted within the mole, provided no sickness has appeared on board. This regulation of the port may perhaps be justified by a regard to the health of the city; but in winter is exceedingly inconvenient and dan-

gerous to those vessels subjected to it. The anchorage is sheltered by the land to the eastward, and in some degree to the northward; but only partially by the banks to the west; and is wholly open to the south. When the wind therefore blows violently from the south, or south south east, a heavy sea rolls in, and scarcely a winter passes in which some vessels are not driven ashore.

There is no port in the Mediterranean where the laws of quarantine are more strictly observed than at Leghorn. The extensive commerce which is here carried on with those countries where the plague is supposed to originate, is no doubt the cause of this strictness. Yet in our case it appeared to me carried to an extent wholly useless and burdensome. We were from a port and a country free from infectious disorders, and where none had been prevalent for some time; we were all perfectly healthy in the ship, and it was now the middle of winter; yet with all

this, we were ordered to perform a full quarantine; and two guards were put on board to see that we held no communication with the other vessels, or with the shore. By a petition to the Board of Health, the time was afterwards abated to thirty days; but these were rigorously observed.

Notwithstanding the plausible reasons urged for this severity in the middle of winter, when, it is well known, the plague is not communicable, the real and principal one, as it appeared to me, was always concealed. This is no other than the interest of the merchants of Leghorn, to whom supercargoes of loaded vessels arriving in the port are either obliged to consign themselves, or wait the expiration of their time of quarantine. Until that period, a supercargo or foreign merchant can have but a very imperfect communication with the shore, and by no means such as is requisite to dispose of a cargo; but it being always a great object

to make sale as speedily as possible, he is induced to accept of any plausible offer; and, in short, generally to put himself entirely into the hands of some merchant of the place. That this is the principal cause is evident from the avidity with which they seize any pretence for including new countries in their list of those liable to quarantine. Autumnal fevers have appeared at intervals, and made great ravages in some of the towns on the coast of Spain. No more was wanting to subject to quarantine all vessels coming from those towns at whatever season. Similar fevers also, at intervals, have appeared in the principal towns on the coasts of North America. For that reason, although a long and stormy voyage may have been performed from these towns, and not the smallest symptom of sickness may be on board, the vessels must undergo a strict quarantine. Gibraltar had always been accounted one of the healthiest stations in the Mediterranean; but one year a mortality prevailed

there, and since that year, vessels from Gibraltar must undergo the fate of their neighbours. Besides the advantages arising from this system to the merchants, it affords subsistence to a great number of families in subordinate occupations, such as boatmen and others.

At a little distance from the shore, and fronting the town, is a range of large stones, of a porous texture, loosely heaped together, at one end of which is a small house, whither all sorts of vessels under quarantine in the roads repair, for about the first week of their arrival, being not allowed to go nearer to the town. After that period they are permitted to land at a building close upon the water, and divided by partitions, so that persons from several vessels may be there at the same time, without mingling together, and hold conversation with their friends across the barrier; and this is the utmost extent of liberty allowed, until the expiration of quarantine. As in other countries, all let-

ters or papers from the quarantined vessels are received in cleft sticks or long pincers, and thoroughly fumigated before being delivered. I shall not here enquire into the necessity of such strict regulations during the winter season. To me it appears indisputable, that the fevers which have made such ravages in many of the towns of Spain, Italy, and America, arise from local causes, and are not contagious, except within narrow bounds. I leave this, however, to be discussed by medical men.

9th January, 1806.—Hitherto we have been regularly supplied with every necessary from the shore, but this day the weather became so boisterous that no boat could venture out into the roads. The night closed in dark and tempestuous, with a heavy sea fast rising, and all the ships in the roads beginning to ride a great strain upon their cables. In the night, our boat, which was astern, and could not be got in, pitched with such violence that

the rope by which it was fastened tore out the stern, and it was driven away. At midnight one of our cables parted, and the wind, suddenly veering round just at that moment, blew directly upon the Melora bank, where the roaring noise of the breakers was terrible. Our danger was imminent; for had the other cable also parted, and the wind continued in its new direction, we should have been driven directly on the banks, and must have all perished. Providentially the cable held out through many a heavy plunge, till morning, when the wind resumed its former quarter. At length a cry went through the ship that this also had separated; and in a moment we were hurried toward the land. A large vessel, and two smaller ones, were already ashore, one of them upset and breaking all to pieces. We, however, were more fortunate, having time to hoist the jib and fore-top mast stay sail, which enabled us to steer toward a part of the beach where our guards

assured us the ground was good. By this means the vessel grounded upon such a soft mud that the first shock of touching was almost imperceptible.

We had not been two hours ashore, when the wind and sea began to abate considerably. In the evening it was almost calm; and we were surrounded by boats, eager to assist in getting us off. The next day an anchor was carried out into deep water; and on the 13th, with the assistance of several large boats, we were once more afloat, and the ship was towed with great acclamations into the Mole.

Here we performed the remaining part of our quarantine; and although the vessels lie all together, yet guards being aboard of all that have not fulfilled the time, it is supposed that no intercourse takes place. Within the Mole all is full of activity. In some boats are musicians, who row under the sterns of vessels, especially those newly arrived, and play national airs,

according to the flag which they see. Being under American colours, they were exceedingly noisy with "Jefferson's March," and "Yankee Doodle," until we dismissed them with a small piece of money. Other boats contained ballad-singers, who made the air resound with Italian ditties, in a style that would have been thought equal to that of Billington, by a London mob. Hucksters, dealers in pictures, venders of shoes and hats, hosiers, cloathsmen, were all afloat. Even beggars went about in boats, and when alongside of American vessels, vociferated for un poco de beef, and un poco de biscuit. Upon the whole, whether it proceeded from the novelty of the scene, or the joy of having escaped all dangers, and being once more in a place of safety, the whole had to us a pleasing and animated appearance. And thus passed away the remainder of our time of quarantine; until at length the happy day of deliverance arrived. The harbour-master and physicians visited us

once more, and having found all on board in good health, our vessel was declared free of the harbour; and I hastened for the first time to set my feet on Italian ground.

Leghorn is neatly and regularly built; the principal street intersects it from gate to gate; and the houses standing on the canal, which is cut from the Arno, and communicates with Pisa, have generally a handsome appearance. It is regularly fortified with lofty bastions of brick; and surrounded by a broad ditch, which is filled from the sea. The churches and public buildings contain little that is striking, either in the interior or exterior: but to mercantile men the bustle of its port, and its extended commerce, might supply this defect. The oppression of France, however, cramps this commerce, which would otherwise soon render Leghorn one of the most flourishing towns in Italy. An English vessel dares not appear in the port without the risk of being de-

tained by the vilest French agent that may chance to be on the spot; and the decree of a French Consul, however iniquitous and unjust, would be sufficient for the condemnation of any vessel. Add to this, in a former visit to the town, the French generals stripped all the ramparts and batteries of the beautiful brass cannons, with which they were mounted, and sold them at public auctions, with the express stipulation that they should be sawed into two or three pieces. To complete the destruction of the independence of Leghorn, the fortification on one side was partly dismantled, and the ground sold to the Jews for a fixed sum, at which rate they were compelled to become the purchasers. As extensive suburbs are also constructing in that direction, Leghorn may be considered as no longer defensible on the land side.

The streets are level, and paved with broad flag stones, which has a neat and clean effect, although no distinction is

made at the sides for foot passengers. Until, however, he becomes accustomed to it, an Englishman, looking merely at the pavement, is apt constantly to imagine himself in some bye court. The houses are lofty; and generally inhabited in flats or floors, as was formerly, and is still, in a great degree, the custom in the two principal towns of Scotland. This is so much the fashion in Leghorn, that twelve, fourteen, and even more rooms upon a floor often constitute the residence of an individual. As the visitor must necessarily pass through many of these apartments, their furniture and appearance is a source of much private magnificence and ostentation.

The theatre which I saw was tolerably splendid; but most of the boxes being private property, and only illuminated according to the caprice of the possessors, it has a dull and somewhat gloomy appearance, unless on particular occasions, when all, or the greater part of them are lighted up. This, however, I understood to be the

case throughout Italy; which, added to the inattention of the genteeler audience, took away much of the interest of the scene. In England an audience appears all of one piece. One smile, one burst of laughter, one sorrow, pervades the whole; and this very nationality or unity of spirit is, perhaps, to a feeling mind, one of the greatest pleasures of the theatre. But in Italy, where the party in one box is engaged in cards, in another in taking coffee, and in a third in loud and vehement conversation, the mind is distracted between the actors on the stage and those around us, and the drama loses half of its reality, and more than half of its charm.

On the first Sunday after my landing, whilst wandering on the outside of the ramparts, I stumbled upon the English burying-ground, surrounded by an iron railing, and shut by a gate. A quarter of a dollar procured me admission; when it appeared to me by far the noblest cemetery

I had ever seen; the monuments being all of marble, and executed in a taste greatly superior to what is commonly found any where in England. Here lie the remains of Tobias Smollett; and I felt a melancholy pleasure at beholding in Italy the grave of a man by whose writings I had been so often charmed, and to whose memory I had already seen an obelisk erected on the banks of the Leven. Out of the boundaries of the burying-ground I heard nothing but Tuscan or Italian. But here the marble monuments spake to me in plain English, and told me that many of my countrymen, who had once been illustrious in arts or arms, were now laid under the foreign turf on which I trod. Besides the pillar to the memory of Smollett, and many others worthy of attention, I particularly paused on the tomb-stone of a mother, who died in bringing into the world two infants, who are buried with her in the same grave. The figure of the mother recumbent, and of the two babes,

appeared to me beautiful and affecting, although somewhat impaired by time, and exposure to the open air. In a word, my meditations on this occasion were not unsuited to the place, the day, and my own isolated situation. I could not help thinking that it might yet be my own destiny to fall in a foreign land; and I secretly prayed to Heaven that my burying place at least might not be so obscure but that some wandering Englishman should be there to sigh over my grave.

Monday, 3d. Feb.—This day the carnival began; and on the same day at Rome, Naples, and generally throughout Italy. The streets, especially in the afternoon, were filled with masks, which were in general absurd enough, and some of them highly indelicate; but these last seemed to give the most universal satisfaction. Harlequins and columbines, punchinellos, men straddling along in women's cloaths, and women mincing their steps, dressed like hussars, and armed with sabres, people with grotesque faces, carrying umbrellas

when it did not rain, together with a long train of similar absurdities; such are the delights of a carnival. Among the rest of the characters, I observed some who wore no masks. They were beggars, cloathed in rags, and who, with emaciated countenances and plaintive tones, besought the smallest charity for the love of God. Misery needs no disguise; on the contrary, it is a mask often worn; but I could not help thinking that the introduction of real misery spoiled the unity of the scene. Never mind: on this day every body rejoices; and Rome and Naples are still gayer than Leghorn. The French, it is true, are in the heart of Italy; and are making forced marches to take possession of the kingdom of Naples; but why should such a circumstance interrupt the pleasures of the carnival.

It is still less, however, my intention in Italy than it was in Spain, to make minute observations on all around me. This country has been so often described,

and so generally celebrated, that without much attention and leisure, it would appear presumptuous in a modern traveller to attempt to add to the long list of statues, paintings, marbles, and antiquities. At the end of a week I prepared to quit Leghorn; having only waited, even for that time, until I could find an opportunity of going to Rome. The mode recommended to me, and which I adopted, was, to agree with a vettorino or driver of a coach going that road. This mode I found similar to that in Spain; and was astonished to be informed by the friend whom I employed, that he had made an agreement for me and my baggage to be transported to Rome for sixteen dollars, out of which I was to be found with two good meals a day, at the charge of the vettorino. If pleased with his conduct at the end of the journey, I farther agreed to give him a small remuneration. As I had estimated in my own mind the expense of going to Rome by the desire which I had of getting there, and my

idea of its former magnificence, sixteen dollars appeared to me at first a sum almost incredibly small for such a purpose; and I thanked my friend accordingly, for having made so favourable an agreement. On the 7th February, in the afternoon, my vettorino called on me, with a clumsy coach, drawn conformably to his agreement, by two horses, and a mule in front, when having seen my baggage properly secured, I bade adieu to my American friends. An elderly woman and her daughter, together with a young Swiss, travelling for a commercial house near Berne, were my companions; and the carriage was so narrow that we entirely filled it. The great similitude between the Spanish and Italian languages enabled me already to understand the general subjects of conversation in the latter, and even to make my own wishes intelligible; and we had already become somewhat acquainted before reaching the gate of Leghorn, on the great road which leads to Pisa.

CHAP. II.

Journey from Leghorn to Rome.

Our carriage was stopped at the gate; and here I found myself at once in difficulties. My baggage was trifling, and soon examined; but my companions produced long passports, full of seals and signatures, and I was totally unprovided with one, having never even dreamed that it was necessary. "Mon Dio," exclaimed my companions, "travel without a passport! how could your friends permit you to set out so badly provided!" In this emergency, however, the young lady stood my friend. Without the least hesitation, she addressed the officer, and told him, that my passport was at the bottom of my trunk now once more fastened behind the coach; that I was a stranger, not able

to speak a word of the language; that,—in short, she desired me to slip a piece of silver into his hand: and we were soon on the road to Pisa.

Here, however, the subject of the passport was renewed; and, with such earnestness, that I began to fear I should be perpetually embarrassed in my progress. The only excuse I could offer was, that in England we never required passports. "Mon Dio!" exclaimed they again, "are you then an Englishman, and going to Rome? Don't you know that the French are there, and will certainly put you in prison?" To this I answered, that I had passports with which I had travelled through Spain; and if they would not serve me through Italy, I must e'en return. They all promised to assist me in case of need; and having settled this weighty matter, we proceeded in peace.

The road between Leghorn and Pisa, a distance of 14 or 15 miles, is for the most part level and good, and the country

on both sides tolerably cultivated. About ten miles from Leghorn we passed the church and village of San Pietro en grado, leaving on our right a small lake. The whole country round appears to have been a marsh, at no very remote period; and is still swampy in many parts. To my great mortification, our road turned off to the right just before reaching Pisa; and I was thus disappointed of a sight of that ancient city. Soon afterwards night drew on, and intercepted all view of the surrounding country; but we found, from the violent jolting of the carriage, that the road was most rugged. About eight o'clock we arrived at Fornacetti; a town situated on the small river Era, at its junction with the Arno. Here I had the first specimen of an Italian inn, which certainly suffered nothing when compared with those of Spain. On the contrary, after the miserable posadas of that country, I was pleased to see some appearance of neatness, some attempts at cleanliness,

and a little attention on the part of the servants. Our supper, however, was by no means sumptuous. The principal dish was macaroni boiled, plain, and sprinkled with cheese; and this I afterwards found to be a dish as universal throughout Italy as the pucheiro in Spain. Our whole repast was enlivened by several flasks of Tuscan wine, of a good quality. These flasks have long narrow necks; and a little oil is poured on the top, instead of corks. The air is thereby effectually excluded from the wine; but the flask, of course, must always be kept upright, until the time of being used, when the oil is imbibed, by means of a little cotton wool. After the dismal stories which I had heard of Italian inns, I was also agreeably disappointed in my bed, which appeared to me tolerable. My previous probation in Spain was no doubt the cause of my being so easily pleased; and hence they who have travelled in Italy only, may judge of

the general accommodations in the former country.

About eight o'clock on the ensuing morning we left Fornacetti; having breakfasted on coffee, to which my female companions, to my great surprize, added a few spoonfuls of rum. As to my new Swiss friend, I was not at all surprized to see him put the bottle to his mouth without ceremony, but I had formed such ideas of the extreme temperance of Italian women, that I must confess the first rather struck me. From Fornacetti, seven or eight miles brought us to Castel del Bosco; and about the same distance beyond that, to La Scala. Neither of these towns is of much importance; but the whole road was rendered interesting not only by the interchange of gentle hills and vallies, but also by frequent views of the Arno on our left. Although it might now be considered as the depth of winter in this country, it was easy to see how beautiful and rich the views in spring or autumn

must here be. The river is now broad and rapid, and its banks generally high, with a foot path on the top, planted with rows of poplars. The whole of the surrounding country had also the appearance of being well wooded, but varied by large tracts of cultivation, villages, and houses. The whole reminded me more strongly of England, in its general character, than any foreign country I had yet seen. Descending to particulars, however, the comparison no longer held good. The vines, although now bare of leaves, drawn in festoons from tree to tree, along the road side, evinced the happy effects of a climate to which England could not pretend. On the other hand, asses and mules, employed in husbandry, and along the road; the stiff form of the carts and waggons; women occupied in acts of the most servile drudgery; and swarms of beggars' children at every village; were contrasts to the general picture. The Tuscan peasantry, however, are upon the whole well

clad; of a robust and healthy appearance; and afford evident symptoms of having been long under a government where property and industry are respected and secure. Perhaps it may be the lot of no very distant traveller to make a far different report. Soon after leaving La Scala, the road again turns suddenly to the right, and we bid adieu to the Arno. Occupied as I was by the impressions of the morning, the whole of this succeeding day appeared to me to present little worthy of remark. We passed through Cambiano and Castel Fiorentino to Peggibonzi, a distance from La Scala of about four and twenty miles. Here one of our horses, who, during the whole day, had *consumed* an immoderate quantity of blows, fell lame, and we came to a halt. We expected to have reached Sienna late that night, but the idea was now of necessity given up. Finding here, however, the same allowance of macaroni, scraped cheese, and Tuscan wine, as we had had

the preceding night we quickly reconciled ourselves to our situations. As usual, the vettorino sat down with us at table, and chased away the tedious hours by relations, which made our Italian ladies laugh, and would have made an English servant girl blush. After supper I found the bed-chamber, and all the accommodations very similar to those of Fornacetti, except, and this except must for ever remain a blank in the history of my travels.

Early on the ensuing morning we left Peggibonzi, whence a winding wood of eight miles brought us to Castiglioncello, a town, which though small, marked by its bustle and appearance, our approach to one of greater importance. After passing a range of low hills, another part brought us to Sienna, where my Swiss companion having business to transact, it had been previously determined we should stop for the remainder of that day, and the whole of the ensuing. I had thus an opportunity of viewing this town,

which, next to Leghorn, interested me more than any which I had yet seen in Italy. And yet nothing can be more different than Leghorn and Sienna. The former owes its greatness entirely to commerce and its happy situations for trading with Spain, France, and Italy. Placed upon a flat, and surrounded by a marshy country, by mountains at a small distance, or by the sea, it can only exist by maritime commerce. But Sienna inland, without even the semblance of a river, and placed upon high ground, possesses different claims to our notice. We are struck by its romantic situation upon the summit, and along the sides of several steep hills, by the petty bustle of its inland commerce, which reminds the Spanish traveller of Manzanares, and by the symptoms of its departed grandeur, which recal to him the ruined towers and empty cathedrals of Toledo. Connected with the hill on which the principal part of the town stands, is an abrupt rock, nearly sur-

rounded by a deep valley, except where a kind of isthmus joins it to the town. This in its general character so closely resembles the rock of Edinburgh Castle, and that of the Alcazar of Segovia, that there can be little doubt of their having been produced by similar causes in the former great operations of nature. The walks round the ramparts of this castle are kept in good order, and the views, from most situations, are charming. We stand with a kind of pleasing dread on the edges of the parapet, and behold beneath us a deep valley, forming a natural fosse at the base of the solid rock, with which the walls seem to be in one piece. The distant country is beautifully varied with lofty hills and long vales, but the whole appears well cultivated, though intermixed with woods. Even the valley beneath us is full of gardens; a valley which the Italian philosophers uniformly assert to have every appearance of having been once the crater of an enormous volcano.

The gothic cathedral of Sienna, although in a very bad style, is still venerable from its antiquity, loftiness, and extent. The principal front is most curiously adorned, or rather loaded with carved work, and appears to be cased all over with marble. In the interior, however, many of the decorations are beautiful, and in the purest taste. Among other curiosities is shewn a picture of the Holy Virgin, painted by St. Luke, and of course an undoubted likeness. I could not do less than make my obeisance before the work of so great a master, and so great an original, whilst my young Ita'lian friend let go my arm to cross herself, and mutter a pious prayer. After wandering for an hour through this venerable pile, which I did not leave without regret, I resumed my survey of the town. In the afternoon, however, the streets became almost impassable. The carnival had begun at Sienna also, and I beheld a repetition of the same follies

or amusements, which I had already seen at Leghorn. In any other times, perhaps these follies might at least not disgust; but in the present state of Italy, what thinking mind can behold, without astonishment, a people thus abandon themselves to the most childish diversions: and yet we wonder that the French so readily overrun this country.

However this may be, the manners of the Siennese are remarkably polite and engaging. The Italian here spoken is pure, and pronounced in so clear and musical a manner, that I have never, in any town, or in any country, before or since, heard a language which sounded so pleasing to the ear of a stranger. The Grecian language alone is superior to it in music and expression, but it is only by scattered individuals that we hear that spoken as it ought to be, and never by a whole town or district, as is the case with the Italian of Sienna.

My Swiss companion having transacted his business, we set out from Sienna by

day-break in the morning of the 11th. Near the gate through which we passed, were whole streets almost abandoned, besides several extensive mansions without the walls, which appeared to have been so long shut up, that the doors and windows were falling to decay. This has a melancholy look, but it is the lot which awaits all towns where a population has been accumulated by transitory causes, and which in the fluctuation of time must cease to operate.

We travelled the greater part of this morning over a country tolerably diversified by nature, but poorly cultivated; and after a ride of about eighteen miles, and passing through San Monteroni, halted at Buon Convento, seated upon rising grounds. Here they produced to us some wine of Montepulciano, said to be the best in all this part of Italy, but we found little in it to boast of. One of our horses was now so fatigued, that we were with difficulty dragged six or seven miles farther

this night to Torrinieri, where we slept, and where though I traversed part of the town before dusk, I observed little worthy of notice.

Early the ensuing morning, we were again on our road, and our lame horse having been exchanged for another, we proceeded with some alacrity. Ten miles brought us to La Scala, being the second town of that name through which we had passed. The road was for the most part rough, with a constant succession of small hills; the soil of which appeared to be poor and hungry. Eleven miles from La Scala, after passing through the small town of Ricorsi, we reached Redicofani, a considerable town, romantically situated upon a steep hill, and the last in this direction in the Tuscan dominions. Having stopped here a short time to refresh his horses, our vettorino again summoned us, and we quickly descended the hill of Redicofani. Thence for seven or eight miles, until we approach Monte Centino, the

country is broken into many steep hills, and has a more barren and uncultivated appearance than any part of Tuscany through which we have passed. At Ponte Centino we entered upon the ecclesiastical state, through a toll where baggage and passports were strictly examined, and many vexatious attempts made to extort money on account of the former, but which the young Swiss, from having frequently travelled this road, knew how to avoid. Scarcely have we passed the frontiers of Tuscany, when we behold in the face of the surrounding country, the powerful effects of different governments. We are now no longer cheered with the frequent sight of farms, seats and villages, thickly scattered over large cultivated tracts, a healthy, stout, and decently cloathed peasantry, and the animals employed in agriculture sleek and fat. On the contrary, few houses are to be seen, the peasantry already begin to have a poor and eager look, and large tracts naturally

fertile are abandoned to sterility. From Ponte Centino to Aquapendente, is a distance of eight miles, along a good road, but through an almost uncultivated country. The approach to Aquapendente is charming. After passing a small stream, which falls into the Chiana, and forms with it the principal source of the Tyber, the road ascends, we begin to behold on the left, symptoms of cultivation around Aquapendente, while on the right are romantic cliffs, crowned with trees, and their various clefts adorned with bushes. As we approached the gates, we heard the sound of the cascades, waterfalls from which the town derives its name, but it was now too dark to see them to advantage. The town itself is built principally upon the slope of a hill, and had no appearance of life or bustle, on the contrary, according to the evidence of our vettorino it was fallen from its ancient splendour, nearly as much as Sienna. We passed through it, and stopped the night at a small inn, at

the foot of a hill, which our vettorino assured us to be preferable to any in Aquapendente. If so, they must be there very miserable, our entertainment being inferior to any we had met with, and the wine wretched. If this be a just specimen of what we have to expect, I do not wonder at the juice of the Tuscan grapes having been so highly praised in Italy.

Early the ensuing morning, a ride of five short miles brought us to San Lorenzo, a neat village upon the flat summit of a hill, and consisting principally of one very broad street. It was built on account of the inhabitants of an old town, near the lake Bolsena, where the air in summer and autumn is most pernicious, and they were accordingly removed hither. As it was a fine morning, and we were now approaching the borders of this famous lake, I got out of the carriage and proceeded on foot, as was indeed my general custom, having hitherto walked much more than I had ridden. Soon after leaving San

Lorenzo, the road begins to descend from the heights, appearing in many parts deeply cut in the solid rock, and we even obtain a view of one corner of the lake, through the openings, or even the tops of trees, producing a charming effect. Lower down we pass on the left, the ruins of the town, which has been abandoned, and which being mingled with bushes, and even young trees, has already an antique and venerable air. About a mile from the bottom of the hill, an excellent and level road conducts to the lake, and is continued for several miles along its borders to the town of Bolsena. This beautiful lake appears to be about twenty-five miles in its circumference, and is surrounded by hills, some of considerable height, and advancing boldly into the water, whilst others appear to recede from it, leaving large marshy flats, evidently denoting the former extent of the lake. The fineness of the morning, the excellence of the road, the woody prospects on my left, and the

broad lake and its mountains on my right, all contributed to render my walks delightful. But in summer or autumn the case is widely different. The banks of this lake are then the abode of death. The marshy exhalations which arise from it, are almost certainly fatal to the rash stranger, who ventures to pass a single night in its immediate vicinity, and even in the middle of the day, the carriages which pass are closely shut up, and driven as hastily as possible. The sickly looks of the inhabitants of Bolsena evinced, that the short period of the healthy season is not sufficient to counterbalance the pernicious effects of these summer heats. Similar districts, where the mal aria, or bad air prevails at late seasons, are not uncommon in Italy, especially farther to the southward, in the two Calabrias. Perhaps these bad effects of marshy air in all climates are here increased by a mixture of sulphureous exhalations which arise from the bosom of this volcanic country.

Whatever may be the defects of its situation, Bolsena interests from its antiquity. The Italians like the Spaniards, use the letters B, and V indiscriminately, and keeping this in view, Bolsena or Volsena, clearly points out the ancient Volscennium. The houses are lofty, and the streets narrow, as is the case with most of the towns of Italy, and notwithstanding the unhealthy air of the lake, it is still tolerably populous. In the church yard going out of the town, is a very curious and ancient sarcophagus, on the outside of which are carved a number of figures, but the subject of which I was not antiquarian enough to unravel.

As the road, after leaving Bolsena, still continued, for some distance, along the border of the lake, I again quitted the carriage, and proceeded on foot; nor was it long before I had fresh reason to congratulate myself for having done so. Scarcely had I advanced a mile from the town, when I was struck with the singular

appearance of some of the hills, on the left of the road, and on examination found them to be entirely composed of basaltic pillars, mostly lying as if piled up, in a horizontal direction, with their base to the lake. In some places, these pillars, whether pentagonal or hexagonal, were so compactly fitted to each other, that no extraneous substance could intervene, whilst the interstices of others were filled up with lightly yellowish mixed earth. It was impossible to contemplate this singular mass of basaltes, without interest, and reflecting on the violent disputes which had arisen among learned men, concerning the origin of similar phenomena. I ran to the side of the hill, I scrambled over the broken fragments which were scattered about, and being alone, embraced those which stood upright, as if I could thereby arrive at the secret of their formation. I found that they easily broke off, for in attempting to climb up, large portions yielded to my

grasp, or gave way under my feet, by which means I received several severe falls. At length the carriage came up, and I quitted this most singular mass, which my companions regarded with little curiosity. The whole of the upper surface is covered with wood, and trees even grow between many of the columns, producing to the casual observer, a wonderful effect, and to the natural philosopher affording matter for profound speculation and inquiry.

Three or four miles from Bolsena, we begin to quit the lake, and a farther distance of five miles brings us to the gates of Montefiascone, a considerable town on the top of a steep hill, and defended by thick ancient walls and towers. My mind, however, was still entirely occupied by the hill of basaltes, and the Bolsena lake, and I could pay but little attention to Montefiascone, whence a ride of about twelve miles brought us to Viterbo, also romantically situated on the

summit, and down the slope of two or three hills. It was quite dark, and rained hard when we arrived, but we found our inn, at least, as comfortable as any we had yet seen on the road, and this quickly made us forget all hardships. As we did not set off till the next morning, two hours after day break, I had that time to examine Viterbo. It appeared to me the largest town through which we had passed, since leaving Sienna, the principal streets are of considerable width, and one of the public squares is adorned with fountains, in a curious taste. I could not but notice the broad flags with which the streets are paved, and which are evidently formed of a dark lava, and found near the place.

From Viterbo to Ronciglione, a distance of thirteen miles, the country is constantly varied by hill and dale, and thickly covered with wood. These forests, indeed, are said to be of the highest antiquity, and are almost regarded as sacred by the neighbouring peasantry. Four miles from

Viterbo we pass upon our left the Mons Ciminces of thē antients, a mountain with a peaked summit, and well cloathed with woods, whilst, at intervals, we behold beneath us, on the right, one or two small lakes, sunk as it were at the foot of steep surrounding hills. Three miles from Ronciglione, our carriage broke down, and although, just at that time, it began to rain very hard, my Swiss companion and I had no resource, after helping the vettorino to patch up his coach, except to make the best of our way forward. As the rain never intermitted, even for a moment, we arrived at Ronciglione, thoroughly drenched. Here we found, that the coach could not be repaired before evening, which, joined to the badness of the weather, obliged us to halt for the day, although it was yet scarcely one o'clock. From the time of our arrival, till nearly midnight, the rain continued to fall in torrents, which not only effectually confined us within doors, and prevented all remarks upon the town, but also afforded a

melancholy prospect of our roads for the next day.

Early on the ensuing morning we quitted Ronciglione, which we had now an opportunity of observing to be a town of some magnitude, situated chiefly on the slope and at the bottom of a hill, near the small, but beautiful lake of Vico. Many of the streets are wide, the houses lofty, and the whole bears the appearance of having been formerly a place of importance, but now in decay. A road of eight miles brought us to Monte Rosi, and about as many farther to Baccano. Here I, for the first time, saw French soldiers, being the rear of the stragglers of a column, which had already reached Rome. A far more interesting object was the cross of St. Peter's church, which our vettorino pointed out to us, soon after leaving Baccano, appearing at a distance over the plains, as mariners first observe the mast heads of ships at sea. From Baccano, ten miles brought us to La Storta,

a place consisting of a few houses, where we stopped to eat, and in the afternoon resumed our road, being now only nine miles from Rome. As we approached that city, I descended from the carriage, and proceeded on foot, feasting my eyes with the view of that antient metropolis of one half of the world, seated near the Tyber, on its seven hills, amid heaps of surrounding ruins. On both sides of the road, and in every direction, appeared monuments of antiquity, arches, tombs, broken aqueducts, the remains of temples, and mouldering towers. At length we crossed the Tyber, on an ancient bridge, my bosom filled with a thousand various emotions, and soon afterwards entered the gates. We are immediately struck with the appearance of an immense obelisk, standing in a large open space behind the gates, composed of a single block of Egyptian granite, covered with hieroglyphics, and of the most remote antiquity. At present, however, I had no

time to examine this interesting monument. Our passports were examined, during which time, I observed that the gate was thronged with French soldiers, on guard, mingled with a few of the Papal troops, which, for form's sake, were said to do the duty of the town in concert. We were obliged to go with our baggage to the Douana, or the Custom-house, whence, after paying a few trifling demands, it was quickly released, and we drove to an Alberge, recommended by our vettorino.

CHAP. III.

Rome.

To visit Rome, to stay there even a few days, and to pass it over in silence, would be considered inexcusable; yet what can the short residence of a week enable or entitle me to say upon so vast a subject, and which has already afforded materials for so many volumes? To connect my observations without useless digression is the sole object of the present chapter.

As it was dark when we arrived at the albergo or inn, I had no opportunity of examining its situation. In the evening, when I retired to my chamber, all being still, I heard the rushing of water, and hastily opening my window, observed that the Tyber ran close under it. I could not but congratulate myself at thus hanging

over this immortal river, to which so great a proportion of the world once paid tribute, and the sight of which awoke so many reflections on the past. Upon the banks of this river were reared the conquerors of one half the world. This is the very stream into which Horatius Cocles armed and wounded plunged, after defending the bridge against the troops of Porsenna; over which Clelia swam, leading the way for the escape of her companions the virgin hostages; into which, in times of dreadful famine, many of the starving Romans threw themselves in open day, with their heads covered, and in death-like silence. Being swollen by the late rains, it now rushed past with great rapidity, and the stars were dimly reflected from its turbid stream.

Like every stranger who comes to Rome, I visited St. Peter's; or rather once every day, and often twice, I went to admire that wonderful structure. I must confess the first sight disappointed my expectations,

but a little examination fully equalled them, and which was strengthened by every subsequent visit. The curved arcades which form the peristyle, supported on double rows of pillars; the two beautiful fountains in the court, which throw up perpetually an astonishing quantity of water; the obelisk of ancient Egyptian granite, in the centre, and the simple, but majestic front, combine to produce a whole which is probably no where equalled, and certainly not excelled. Within, the grandeur and richness of the marble columns, the statues, the paintings, the mosaics, the shrines, the altars, strike us with astonishment; yet even these cannot prevent us from noticing the exact proportions of the whole, where, as in the exterior, nothing intrudes beyond its proper bounds, but all combines to form one great design.

Right under the centre of the dome, and sunk below the pavement, is a kind of magnificent vault, constructed of the finest marble, and ornamented with pre-

cious stones, lapis lazuli, jewels, and gold. Here rests, or is said to rest, the body of the Great Apostle; gold or silver lamps are kept continually burning round the tomb; and the pious votaries throw themselves on their knees as they approach the marble ballustrade which surrounds a spot so sacred. A superb canopy, supported on four rich waved pillars of bronze, covers the vault, and although upwards of one hundred and thirty feet high, it is so lost in the greatness of every object round us, that we can with difficulty conceive it to be half of that height. Yet there is one object in St. Peter's which is little either in itself or through the use made of it. This is a bronze statue of the Apostle, to the right of the aisle, sitting and holding the key of Heaven in his hand. One foot projects beyond the pedestal; and no good Catholic enters or leaves the church without kissing it. Some repeat this ceremony three or four times; some stroke it down with their hands, as if it was alive; whilst

others stoop and rub their heads backward and forward against the sole of the sandal. In any other situation I might have smiled; but the grandeur of the place prevented all intrusion of lighter thoughts; and I could only pity this striking instance of the degradation of the human character. There must certainly be a pleasure in superstition, otherwise the world could not be so overrun with it. To by far the greatest proportion of mankind it is a toil to think; and whenever, either in religion or politics, they find one who will take the trouble to think for them, they give themselves up to his guidance, with little enquiry.

But it is not alone within the walls of St. Peter's, or among the lower ranks, that we are to look for traces of gross superstition. Almost every square, and every church, demonstrates that this spirit flows from the higher source of society. Magnificent temples are dedicated to the Virgin Mary, under the title of Equal

with God, *Dei-paræ Virgini.* The two beautiful columns of Antonine and Trajan have, as we are informed by Latin inscriptions on their bases, been purified from their ancient stains, and are now consecrated to the true faith. In confirmation of this we behold, with some astonishment, a bronze statue of the apostle, to whom it has anew been dedicated, standing on the top of a pillar carved round with battles and triumphs over the Germans or the Daci. But perhaps the most striking instance is the great obelisk, which stands near the principal gate, where we enter the town from the northward. This obelisk is of a singular block of granite, and covered with hieroglyphics, the meaning of which is now lost. It was brought from Egypt by Julius Cæsar; and by him purified and consecrated to the sun, during the time of his being high priest, as appears by an inscription still plainly legible. When these times had passed away, the Roman pontiff of a new religion again

purified it from all its past impieties; and has for ever and unchangeably consecrated it to another deity. The traveller pauses and considers with profound attention this singular and enormous tablet of stone, on which are recorded the superstitions of three successive periods of human history, and at wide intervals from each other; the idolatrous worship of Egypt, the sacrifices of Rome, and the corruptions of the pure doctrines of christianity. I must confess it appeared to me not merely an Egyptian obelisk, or a Roman trophy, but a monument of the human race, which, if we consider its antiquity, its history, and its inscriptions, is perhaps unique on the face of the globe.

During my stay in Rome I twice ascended the tower of the capital, and indulged in the reflections which the views from its summit naturally excite. Hence we have a clear view of all the seven hills of the city; the remains of the amphitheatre of Vespasian; and of the triumphal arches,

the pillars, the temples, and the tombs of ancient Rome. No where can a spot be chosen more calculated to awaken the most profound reflections; which, however, will vary according to the opinion of the beholder. "View well these monuments of past ages," says the Stoic, "behold how fleeting is human grandeur; and remember that virtue alone is permanent." "View well these monuments of past ages," says the Epicurean, "which like ourselves are fast hastening to decay." Let us then, consider, that if life be so frail, if youth be so transitory, we should well enjoy the present hour, and lose no part of so perishable an existence." Perhaps in my future progress I may have occasion to note the general effect which these views produced upon myself. Meantime I leave to others the task of enlarging the numerous lists of pictures, statues, medals, and vases, which this city contains: the Tyber, the capitol, the Tarpeian rock, and the most ancient mo-

numents erected by the Romans, were the first objects of my curiosity. At the head of the second may be placed the church of St. Peter, together with several other religious edifices, the public fountains, and the palaces. Having gratified my curiosity on these heads, I was fearful of entering too deeply into the examination of paintings and statues, to which I was aware there would be no end. Yet how many master-pieces did I not behold in my hasty survey! so many as to render Rome still the most attractive city in the world to a student and lover of the arts.

The palaces and other public buildings at Rome are generally in a pure and correct taste; the inhabitants have a dignified air and walk; and the women are certainly the handsomest I have seen in Italy. Here, as at Leghorn and Sienna, the carnival was maintained with all its liveliness, and a splendour greatly superior to what I had yet beheld. The prin-

cipal street was thronged with fine carriages; and the ladies carried pouches full of white sugar plums, which they threw by handfuls at those of the passengers whom they thought proper most to distinguish. So great is the quantity of these carraways or sugar plums thus thrown about in the principal street, that the scavengers every morning sweep them into heaps, like hail, and shovel them into their carts. As elsewhere, the subject of French soldiers mounting guard at the gates does not disturb this revelry. And why should it? Are not the French the most polite people in the world?

As to the appearance of the troops of that nation, their general conduct, and the sentiments of the inhabitants toward them, I might perhaps even now presume to form some estimate. I am surrounded by them; and the theatres, the public walks, and the streets are full of them. But I am advancing still farther into Italy.

In the course of a few days I shall probably be in the midst of their armies; and a residence even for a short time at Naples will enable me to decide on these points with more precision.

CHAP. IV.

Journey from Rome to Naples.

On the morning of the 22d February I left Rome as I had entered it, in a coach drawn by two horses and a mule, having agreed with the vettorino to pay fourteen dollars for my passage to Naples, and as before to be fed at his charge. Being taught by experience, I was careful to have my passports properly endorsed before setting out. My fellow-passengers consisted of two ecclesiastics, a young woman, and a commissary, with all of whom I soon became acquainted. For several miles after leaving Rome the road runs over plains, bounded at a distance by high hills. On every side we continue to observe monuments of antiquity; particularly the ruins of an immense aqueduct to

the left of the road, and the portions of which appear scattered over the earth, at wide intervals. The carriage proceeding but slowly, I gladly embraced the opportunity of getting out to walk, and was followed by the young lady, who before we had gone many paces, asked me if I was not an Englishman. This was not the first time that such a question had been put to me, and it was often afterwards repeated.

After proceeding about twelve miles, we began, by a winding road, to ascend the mountain, on the summit of which stands Albano, the ancient Alba, and the rival of infant Rome. It is a long and tolerably handsome town; and even yet apparently of considerable importance. As we ascend this, by looking back we have a fine view of Rome, and the immense plains below. Two young Frenchmen were also mounting the hill on foot, at the same time, while their cabriolet, drawn by a small horse, followed them. They

saluted me as I passed; and we entered into conversation. We were both bound to Naples, and they ignorant of the road, they therefore resolved at once to follow the vettorino, and to stop wherever he halted. By this means we became very intimate; and one of them also asked me if I was not an Englishman. I answered that I was an American by birth. "Oh," replied they, "that is the same thing, I understand you. I also can talk a little English." Upon my requesting to hear him, he exclaimed, "Yes Sare, rost bif, g—dam, milord Jean." After this notable specimen of his proficiency in the language, I had nothing farther to request, and having now passed the summit of the hill, we severally repaired to our vehicles. For the remainder of the day our road continued over a country charmingly diversified by hills; but almost every where miserably cultivated. It was after dark when we arrived at Veletri, a large and

well-built town, where we halted for the night.

Here I began to experience some of the effects of following an army; all the supper we could procure consisting of some macaroni, a small dish of meat, for six or seven persons, the two Frenchmen sitting down with us, and a salad. We made, however, a virtue of necessity; and for my part the novelty, and the interest excited by travelling in such a country, reconciled me on all occasions to the most indifferent treatment. But my Frenchmen were not so patient. They exclaimed not only against every thing before them, but also against every thing which they had seen since leaving France. "La Belle Italie!" said they, "La Belle Italie! Surely those who have given it that title have never travelled in it."

We departed early the next morning, in order to have time for crossing the Pontine Marshes, of which I had formed the most terrible ideas. I was agreeably

disappointed to find the road through them excellent, frequently shaded with trees, and the water drained off forming two tolerably rapid streams. The range of the Appennines were constantly on our left, and afforded many romantic views, particularly several villages, singularly situated as it were, like nests in the clefts of rocks, or on the very summit of steep hills. Towards the evening we arrived at Terracina, where we gladly stopped, having procured only one scanty meal through the whole day. The ancient town originally built by the Volsci is situated upon the top of a hill, and still contains part of a temple sacred to Jupiter, and other vestiges of its former splendour. A new town, however, is building, between the foot of the hill and the sea, which here forms a small bay. Nothing can exceed the romantic appearance of the rocks or rather mountains of stone which form a branch of the Appennines, and here terminate abruptly toward the sea, leaving only a narrow road be-

yond the lower town, which they constantly overhang. We found Terracina not only swarming with French officers and soldiers, but also full of French travellers, both men and women, on their way to Naples, who had been stopped here for two days past, through fear of proceeding. The whole of the country between Terracina and Itri is said to be full of robbers, who murder every Frenchman that falls into their hands, but suffer Italians or those of other nations to pass unhurt. As the road almost as far as Fondi is nothing but one continued pass, this is no difficult matter. If large bodies of men are passing, these robbers, who are merely the peasantry of the country, appear at work, or shew themselves at a great distance, on the summits of the hills; but no sooner do they observe an opportunity, than they resume their arms, and make their attack. It must be confessed, this mode of warfare is somewhat Vendean; and the French seem by no means

to approve of the preference shewn toward them; but the pass must be attempted or we must return to Rome. We learn, however, that detachments of troops are to march early in the morning, and thus our road will probably be cleared. Besides, we now form a tolerable caravan; and a guard of the Pope's cavalry may be procured to accompany us even as far as beyond the boundaries of the ecclesiastical state; and we may thus proceed in tolerable security.

Such was the conversation of the numerous party of travellers who sat down together to supper at one long table of the great inn at Terracina. A tall young man, who I was told had excellent connexions in France, was loud in his invectives against the *cowardly* English, who had hired (soudoyé) these brigands to spill the blood of Frenchmen; "however," said he, "they are but a nation of brigands themselves." On the other hand, an officer of cavalry, who was present, said

that he had been taken prisoner by the English in Egypt, and treated humanely enough. "He had been," he said, "in every campaign with the French army in Egypt; and although he had suffered much by the climate and fatigue, he had escaped the plague, and without a wound. Some one asked why so many of the officers and troops who had been in Egypt were now in the advanced guard of the French army. "Because," replied he, instantly, "the views of our government are still upon those countries, and we are not going to remain chained to Italy." This idea I found very prevalent.

After supper, the night being calm, we heard the sound of heavy cannon firing at a distance, which we understood to proceed from the fortress of Gaeta, now almost the only place in Italy not occupied by the French. I went down to the beach, where I found a considerable number of persons collected, and listening to the distant thunder, which came almost at

regular intervals, in long hollow roarings, and mingled with the sound of the waves breaking along the shore. The calmness of the night, the wide and unruffled surface of the sea reflecting the stars, the lofty rocks of Terracina on the left, and the crowd of silent or whispering listeners, all tended to increase the interest of a sound which, in so still an hour, even without these concomitants, could not have failed to possess something more or less solemn. After a short and not unpleasing silence, the French soldiers, who were present, were the first to interrupt it. One swore he loved the sound of cannon better than his breakfast. "Ay," exclaimed a second, "but this is too far off; I like to be so near that the fire singes my whiskers;" whilst a third declared "that the whistling of bullets was perfect music to his ear." However interesting and just these remarks might be, as they did not exactly harmonize with the scene which we were contemplating, I left the

spot, and having wandered for some time along the beach, retired at length to my albergo, where a little truckle bed was provided for me, on which I slept till morning.

Shortly after day-break the carriages were all in motion; but there seemed to be a considerable and general reluctance to set off; and several travellers, who the preceding night had scorned all dangers, were now prudently silent. Even after a guard of eight horsemen had joined us, there were many causes of delay, of which, being impatient, I set out alone on foot. In a short time I arrived at a gate, which joined the lofty rock on one side, and on the other almost touched the water. After passing the gate, I found the road excellent, but closely hemmed in between the mountains and the sea; the latter being on the right. Having proceeded about two miles, I looked back, but although I could trace the whole road almost to the gate, I could discern no symptoms of any

carriage. Not deeming it prudent to proceed farther, and being tempted by the clearness of the water in a small brook which crossed the road, and quickly joined the sea, I halted, and bathed myself in the little mountain stream. This may tend to give some idea of the mildness of the air of some mornings during the month of February in Italy. Soon afterwards the line of carriages appeared, preceded by four dragoons, and followed by as many with drawn swords; and in this manner we pursued our route. No jokes, no loud laughing; but silence and frequent side glances at the deep glens, or the mouldering grey rocks, behind which whole bands of murderers might be crouching, with their muskets levelled. Happily, however, these fears were groundless. After travelling about twelve miles, along a most romantic and ever-varying road, we arrived at Fondi, the first town in that direction in the Neapolitan territories. Here, although the streets were

full of French soldiers, our guard did not conceive us to be past all danger, but convoyed us nearly half way to Itri, a further post of eight miles, and over a country equally various with that of Terracina. From Itri, five miles brought us to La Mola de Gaeta, a small place, situated like Terracina, close upon the water, and commanding a pleasant view of the city, and part of the fortress of Gaeta. On the right of the road we pass an ancient monument, said to be the tomb of Cicero, and erected upon the spot where he was slain. This city stands upon a ridge of moderately high land, running out into the sea, and consequently well situated, both for defence and commerce. I had no opportunity of seeing the works toward the land; but the town itself rising like Cadiz, out of the sea, produces in all points of view a striking effect.

At La Mola I with difficulty procured a small loaf of bad bread, a little salad, and some miserable wine, which consti-

tuted my dinner! My companions were loud in their complaints; but the poor vettorino was louder than them all; not only because he could get no dinner for himself, but his horses also were obliged to stand out in the sun, with only a few handfuls of hay to eat. The former evil I removed by a share of my loaf and wine pitcher; but for the latter there was no remedy but patience, and getting away as soon as possible. To heighten the pleasures of the repast, our host related miserable stories of the siege; and informed me, for my comfort, that in the very spot where I then sat, a man had been killed not many days ago, by a cannon shot from Gaeta. This piece of information by no means added to the flavour of the wine; and when our horses were a little rested, I quitted Mola de Gaeta, with at least as much pleasure as I had entered it.

The road going to the left we almost immediately began to leave the sea, and gradually lost sight of it. After riding

abut seven miles, we arrived near sun-set at a ferry, on the banks of the Garigliano, the Liris of the ancients, a river not very broad, but of considerable depth and rapidity. Here was a numerous guard of French soldiers, the English, as they informed us, having made several strong descents in the neighbourhood, carried off some prisoners, and even the ferry boat, which latter they had returned, as being of no use to them, and the want of it only tending to distress travellers. This boat I found similar to those generally used in Spain over deep but not very wide rivers, being a large flat railed barge, capable of containing a carriage and horses, and moved backward and forward by means of a rope, rove through two upright beams in the bark, and fastened on each side of the river. Having got safely over, after a long delay, we continued along an excellent road to Santa Agata, ten miles from the Garigliano, and where we arrived about nine o'clock. Here we found

every house shut up; neither after many applications could I procure a place even to sit down. I accordingly returned to the spot where I had left the carriage, that I might sleep in it all night, but I found it gone, and I knew not whither. In this situation I was endeavouring to reconcile myself to the pleasant prospect of sleeping in the street all night, and without any supper, when my good genius threw me in the way of my two Frenchmen, who, having stabled their horses, were now in the same pursuit as myself. They soon relieved me from all difficulties. I accompanied them to the municipality, where they demanded and obtained billets for supper and beds, and a servant was immediately sent with a torch to shew us the house appointed.

The family had already retired to bed; but the order from the municipality soon set all in motion. Yet even here, although the house was respectable, all that we could obtain was barely sufficient to

satisfy our hunger. A few sausages, half a loaf of bread, and a salad, were set before us; and we cleared the board even of the crumbs. Little more than a pint of bad wine crowned the repast, which we divided equally; the master and mistress of the house, and their female servant, standing up during the whole time; and the former making many apologies for the scantiness of our entertainment. Notwithstanding the civility with which my two companions behaved, I could not behold, without pity, a decent family thus unseasonably disturbed, and obliged to entertain and wait upon their very enemies. Yet for one family that had such quiet inmates, how many were there this very night obliged to submit to insolence and insult. As the hour was late, and there was no temptation to sit up, we retired to a chamber, wherein two beds had been hastily prepared. My companions politely yielded up one of the beds to me; and thus, instead of passing the night in the

open air, I slept not more uncomfortably than usual.

Santa Agata is a considerable town, romantically situated on broken ground, and amidst a varied and interesting country, bearing indubitable traces of ancient volcanic eruptions. Having collected all our party, about nine o'clock we set off, travelling along an excellent road, said to be constructed upon the ancient Appian way, which serves for its basis. Ten miles brought us to Sparanesi, where we did not halt, but continued our route nine miles farther to Capua. Impressed with the idea that we are approaching the site of a city once so famous, the rival of Rome, and the subject of such bloody contests, we view the whole surrounding country with a species of respect. The modern Capua is tolerably fortified, and stands in a wide plain, close upon the Volturno, the banks of which, although moderately high, are here possessed of little interest, being bare and sandy. Before

entering it we cross the Volturno, on a neat bridge ; and the town being full of troops, we were strictly examined, and a long time detained at the gates. A Polish regiment of cavalry was doing duty ; and I was struck with the soft and peculiar manner in which they pronounced the French language, and which was likewise afterwards pointed out to me by one of my French companions. As to the ancient Capua, which stands about two miles from the present, it has almost vanished from the face of the earth ; a few columns, the remains of a theatre, and broken arches, are all that now exist to guide the footsteps of the enquiring traveller.

The streets being full of baggage and ammunition waggons, our carriage could with difficulty pass along, or even arrive at a corner where the poor horses might be allowed to rest. Our vettorino having at length found a tolerably vacant street for that purpose, I set about the important business of procuring something to

eat, in which pursuit I was again joined by my two Frenchmen. To our great joy we found out a small eating-house, where we procured a plentiful dinner of macaroni, bread, salad, and decent wine. For this fare our host demanded two dollars. Immediately violent exclamations on the part of the Frenchmen. I put down a dollar for my share, but my companions affirming that even that sum was too much, walked off; leaving the landlord, his wife, and servant, gaping at the door.

Now, lest the honour of my new friends may appear to suffer in this transaction, I must state in their vindication, that Italian innkeepers, from the highest to the lowest, are the most barefaced imposing race in the world. Unless you make the most positive agreement with them before sitting down to table, they uniformly charge a stranger at least double what they would willingly accept as full payment. Hence at breakfast, dinner, and supper, you must reconcile yourself either to prepare for

a regular squabble, or to be egregiously cheated; either of which resolutions being optional, I leave it to the reader to decide for himself how he might chuse to proceed in similar circumstances.

Having allowed our horses to rest themselves by standing two hours in the street, we left Capua, and proceeded as before, on a singularly good road, and cheered with the prospect of reaching Naples that evening. The remainder of this day's journey was like passing along a broad walk, through an immense garden; the country on both sides being in general highly cultivated, and far excelling any that I had seen in Italy, except some of the finest parts of Tuscany. Twelve miles from Capua we pass through Aversa, a large and well-built town, and which, by its appearance, the air and dress of its inhabitants, the carriages in its streets, and various other particulars, mark to the eye of the attentive traveller the proximity to a great metropolis. Nothing but the

excellence of the road enabled our wearied horses to drag the carriage twelve miles farther this night to Naples. For my part, I eased them of my weight, having proceeded more than half of the way from Rome on foot. It was eight o'clock before we arrived at Naples, which we entered through the gate of Constantinople; but the moon shining very clear, we were enabled to discern the width of the streets, the loftiness of the houses, and the magnificent appearance of the numerous public buildings, the defects of which were not perceptible by moon light. As usual, I resigned myself to my vettorino, who carried me to a decent albergo (answering to the Spanish posada), where I forthwith established myself, and being but little prone to change, never abandoned it till my finally quitting Naples.

CHAP. V.

Naples.— Its appearance, situation, present state, neighbourhood, general character of the Italians. Of the French in Italy. Departure.

As, when at Rome, I thought it incumbent on me not to pass over in total silence a city so renowned, and yet was conscious that I could add but little, or nothing, to the information already received on that subject, so now, respecting Naples, a city superior to Rome, in situation, in extent, in population, but inferior in almost every other point of view I wish to be brief without appearing unnecessarily hurried. So much, however, has been already written, both concerning the city itself, and the highly interesting

objects in its vicinity, that little remains to me, except to mark some peculiar circumstances arising from its present political situation.

The first appearance of Naples, as I have already observed, is imposing from its extent, the loftiness of the houses, and the number of public buildings, which we pass soon after entering the gates. It lies principally between the edge of the bay, and a long high ridge on the summit of which stands the castle of St. Elmo, which, before the introduction of artillery, must have been nearly impregnable. The ditch round it is deep, broad, and cut in the solid volcanic rock, and from it we have a charming view of the town and harbour beneath, Mount Vesuvius, and the whole sweep of the bay of Naples. One principal street, named the street of Toledo, traverses the city almost through the whole of its extent, and in a direction, nearly parallel to that of the hill, at the foot of which it stands. As in Leghorn, and most of the

towns through which we have passed in Italy, this principal street is paved with large broad flags of lava, without any distinction for foot passengers. Nothing can exceed the liveliness and bustle of this street, which from day-break, till some time after sun-set, is constantly thronged with passengers, carriages, soldiers, lazzaroni plying for hire, swarms of beggars, and rows of stalls, where bread, fruits, meats ready dressed, and iced water are sold. The carriages drive with great rapidity, and appear to cleave the immense crowd, which quickly closes again, like the waves on the track of a vessel. At the end of the street of Tolèdo is an open square, one side of which is formed by the royal palace, which is in a purer state of architecture than most of the other public buildings. For this is one respect in which Naples is greatly inferior to Rome. In the latter city, the churches, the palaces, the columns, the fountains, the statues, nay even the common orna-

ments of houses are generally in a pure and strict style. In Naples on the contrary, the first glance at the public buildings announces a vitiated taste, and although we may afterwards find much to admire, in detail I scarcely saw there a single structure which did not bear the marks of the decay, or the corruption of genius.

This square, during the time of my residence at Naples, was on all accounts the most interesting spot to which the stranger could resort. Besides the palace, it is likewise ornamented with a colossal marble, Terminus of Jupiter, dug up several years ago, and placed here by order of the king. The effect of such a giant statue on one side of the public square is striking, and it was now rendered still more so by the great number of French officers and soldiers, constantly walking up and down beneath it. Joseph Bonaparte having taken up his residence in the palace, it was of course, at once, the head quarters of the

army, and the centre of the civil and financial operations. A guard of fifty men stood constantly before the front; and on each side of the arched entry, two brass four-pounders, loaded with grape, and with matches burning night and day, evinced the affection, or, at least, secured the obedience of the Neapolitans to their new sovereign. In the day time, this mixture of armed men, loaded cannon, and smoaking matches, in the midst of a crowded city, had something of the appearance of ferocity, and at night, in passing the square, the ear was often struck with the repeated challenges of the centinels, whilst, by the light of the stars, it was easy to observe whole companies of soldiers stretched out, and slumbering near piles of arms.

Whatever might be the feelings of the Neapolitans, at this period, they manifested no outward discontent, but gave vent to their murmurs and vows of revenge in secret. The populace, ever urged by

the wants, and allured by the amusements of the day, applied for employment to a Frenchman, as they would have done to any other foreigner, and frequented with their usual eagerness, the theatres of puppets, the jugglers, the tellers of stories on the Mole, and the exhibitions of arlequino and punchinello. But the middling and better classes were more reserved, the places of public amusements ceased to be thronged, and the great theatre of Prince Carlos, one of the largest and most magnificent in Europe, appeared every night like an empty prison, for want of illumination and company. Forty or fifty French officers formed the greater part of the audience, and they were among the foremost to lament the want of that society which constitutes the chief pleasure of public amusements.

In this state of things the environs of Naples would have claimed attention, had they even been far less deserving of it in themselves. On the one hand the tomb of

Virgil, the grotto of Pausilippo, a passage of eight hundred yards in length, cut through a mountain, and beyond it the country approaching to Pozzuoli and Baiæ, abounding in natural wonders, hot springs, sulphureous and mephitic vapours, issuing in particular spots from the earth, mountains of lava, and craters of extinguished volcanos. The tomb of Virgil, so called, is nothing but the remains of a round tower, on a hill to the left hand, just above the entrance of the grotto. No inscription on the tomb itself, decides the truth of its having been erected in honour of Virgil, and many learned antiquarians greatly doubt its pretensions to that title. At any rate, the view from it of the whole of Naples, is, perhaps, the most interesting of any in the neighbourhood. Several young women of whom I had made inquiries, and who had followed me to the spot, seeing that I contemplated with profound attention, whatever recalled even the name of so great a poet, told me, that not far off

was the tomb of an English Milord. They led me to it, when I found it to be the grave of an English child, buried at the foot of a young fig tree. The name, I think, was William Benfield, engraved on a small head stone, and the inscription told me, in my native language, that he had died under the age of three years. I beheld with a kind of melancholy pleasure this grave of my young countryman, so far from home, and so near the spot said to contain the dust of Virgil.

Such are a few of the objects to the right of the town, looking outwards to the bay. On the left, the principal object is Mount Vesuvius, towering to the height of more than three thousand feet, with its conical summit, and its crater emitting a white smoke from numerous crevices. Leaving this mountain on the left, and passing over its base, consisting of torrents of lava, which have flowed from it at far distant periods, we arrive at Portici, where is kept the museum which

once contained a complete assortment of all the antiquities dug up at Herculaneum, Pompeii, and Stabia. Portici is about five miles from Naples, and is chiefly built upon the lava, beneath which Herculaneum is buried. Continuing along the same road eight miles farther we reach Pompeii, where the ashes and volcanic mud thrown out A. D. —79, by falling on the houses, have formed ridges of low hills, now covered with trees and vines. Nothing can exceed the interest excited by this view of part of an ancient city, the far greater portion of which is yet buried beneath the present surface of the earth. We walk in the streets, we visit the tombs, we enter the theatres, the temples, the private houses of the ancient Romans. Even the tracks of the carriages deeply worn in the pavement, attract our attention, whilst at the same time we notice with disgust, in some exterior and public ornaments, striking proofs of the gross indelicacy of ancient

manners. But Pompeii would well deserve a chapter to itself, and that I have not at present to bestow.

Even the museum at Portici has lost many of its attractions: on the irruption of the French into Italy, and their approach to the Neapolitan territories, the royal family removed to Sicily, and carried with them the most valuable parts of the collection. I looked in vain for the toilet of a Roman lady, her combs, necklaces, and perfumes, for the series of ancient coins, weights, and measures, for the most valuable statues, and for the kitchen completely fitted up with the very utensils, used upwards of seventeen hundred years ago. In the place of these we behold a long suite of empty, or half furnished rooms, mosaic pavements torn up, and inscriptions upon unoccupied pedestals and frames, which only excite our regret for the absence of those objects which we should have been so highly charmed to behold.

The collection of Paintings alone seems nearly untouched, and several large apartments are filled with those taken from the walls of the ancient towns, as also with the names, and scribbling of the Roman soldiers upon the inside of their barracks.

But Vesuvius is the great, the striking, the characteristic object of the vicinity of Naples. It is visible, from the opening of almost every street, it is marked on many of the coins, and its various eruptions are carefully recorded, and accurately depicted. The very idea of a burning mountain in the neighbourhood of an immense city, carries with it an appearance of the wonderful, and recalls the enchantments of the Arabian Nights. The best ascent is from Portici, five miles from Naples, and at that place I readily found a guide to accompany me. The road soon becomes rugged and difficult, over torrents of ancient lava and scoriæ; but being accustomed to climbing hills, I ascended with a rapidity that astonished

my guide. At about one-third of the height we arrived at a small house, kept by a Monk, who affords refreshment to persons climbing the mountain, and as the difficulties increase greatly above this spot, it is usual to make a short halt here. He was a venerable looking father of the Franciscan order, received me with a kind greeting, and quickly set before me a loaf of bread, an omelet of eggs, and a bottle of excellent Lachrymæ Christi. This wine, which is produced from the vineyards on the slope of the mountain, is sweetish, but pleasant, and high flavoured. My guide partook with me, and after the repast, the Friar put into my hands a small book, in which he requested me to write my name, and, if I chose, a few short sentences, and I of course did not neglect this opportunity of entering my name and sentiments on the records of Vesuvius. Although he makes no charge for his entertainment, the holy man expects to be more than fully

reimbursed for the expense of it, and assures you, that whatever may be given is regularly applied to religious and charitable purposes.

Vesuvius, like Etna, may be divided into three zones. The first, from the base to the height of the hermit's or friar's house, comprehends much cultivated ground, and toward its summit many steep and narrow vallies, and small isolated peaks. Directly after leaving the house, we enter upon what may be termed the second belt, when the surface is still more broken and irregular, appearing for the most part like the dross of iron, thrown about in heaps, and slightly connected by a loose mould, and the effects of many rains. Yet in this division we are surprized to meet with hills, formed of a kind of gravel, mud, and rounded stones, in regular strata. I could not but regard with attention these strata, which I had always, hitherto, considered as the undoubted production of the sea,

but which are here evidently of volcanic origin, the periods of their formation being on record in the history of the mountain, and some of them within the memory of man. The third division is the cone, or very seat of the fire, coated as it were all round, with a deep loose black sand, intermixed with cinders and smooth stones. For the purpose of enabling strangers to ascend this steep cone, where the sand continually gives way under the feet, the guides loosen the belts, which both the Italian and Spanish peasantry, wear round their waists, and hang it over their shoulders, for the traveller to lay hold of behind. Here again my guide's wonder was increased to find that I neglected his belt, and preferred scrambling up alone. It was like attacking a gigantic battery, whence issued fire and smoke, whilst the shot passed close to us every instant. These shot were, it is true, only stones, but they were, of all dimensions, lying on the face of the cone,

where they had been supported through the night by the frost, or propped underneath by a little snow, it being now the 3d of March. But as the snow melted, or the frost-bound earth thawed, the stones fell off their equilibrium, and jumping first one yard, and then five, and next twenty, and then an hundred; they came whizzing past our ears with great violence. It was, however, easy to avoid them, both by the dust which they raised above us, and the noise they made, which in these high and quiet regions was immediately distinguishable. On reaching the summit of the edge of the cone, I looked with eagerness down into the crater, which I was astonished to find so different from what I had expected. Instead of an immense inverted funnel, I beheld only a rough and broken hollow surface of sulphureous rocks, lavas, which appeared to have been vomited up without the power of being thrown farther, and which had there cooled, half formed torrents of

melted mud, which had fallen back into the crater, abundance of smoke issuing from innumerable crevices, near which the upper crust was too treacherous to be safely approached, and here and there flames bursting forth. The whole was surrounded by the steep and lofty edge of the crater, forming a circumference of about two miles. We descended into this horrid circle, which seemed the fit abode of Demons, and recalled to mind Milton's description of hell, where the land

——————— "Ever burn'd
With solid, as the lake with liquid fire."

After scrambling with the greatest caution, over a rough surface, full of deep chasms, and intermixed with huge blocks of lava, my guide brought me to an opening, where I saw the flames below, and heard their roaring like that of an immense furnace. The fire was so near the surface, that on putting down a stick, the end was presently burnt to a cinder. All

All round the mouth of this chasm, and wherever the eye could reach within, was variegated by many shades of red and yellow, evidently formed by a mixture of sulphur, or exhalations from it. Of these I broke off some beautiful specimens, and having sufficiently gratified my curiosity, left this dangerous spot, where my guide never ceased to remind me that we were standing on a hollow crust, which might suddenly give way, and bury us in the fiery gulph. Yet amidst these black lava rocks, and smoaking hillocks of sulphur, I noticed several men with baskets, and small hammers, breaking off and collecting specimens to be vended in Naples. The appearance of these men was miserable and gloomy, and seemingly well suited to their occupation.

After emerging from this gulph, and mounting once more upon the outward edge of the crater, I stood for a long time to contemplate with delight the rich and varied prospect beneath. Behind me

seemed the mouth of hell, from which I had just escaped, and I drew in long draughts of pure air, while I gazed on the paradise below. But I cannot stop to add my feeble description to so many which already exist. At this height, Naples and its suburbs, containing four hundred thousand inhabitants, form only one object, on the shores of an immense and beautiful bay, nearly an hundred miles in its semi-diameter. The left side, looking towards the island of Capri, is composed of a range of high mountains, which separate the bay of Naples from the gulph of Salerno. The right is less elevated, but this is balanced by the greater number of indents made by the sea, and the islands of Ischia, Procida, and other small ones, which lie off its extremity. In a word, the towns, the mountains, the plains, the gulphs, the islands, and the sea, all conspire to form one of those grand and striking scenes, where even the imagination rests satisfied, and ceases for a

moment to sketch her ideal and better worlds.

But these wonders, which a solitary Englishman might contemplate at his ease, could not be visited by Frenchmen without danger. I had heard it whispered for some time, that several of that nation had already privately fallen victims to the daggers of the Neapolitans; but a few days after my visit to Vesuvius, two French officers, although accompanied by their servants, were shot in a similar expedition. This was too public to be concealed, and it became a general topic of conversation. Visits were no longer paid to Vesuvius, except in large parties, and armed, and even these were now unfrequent, considering the number of French in Naples, the importance and interest of the object, and still more its vicinity.

As English ships of war were constantly cruizing in the mouth of the bay, and there had remained very few vessels in the harbour on the approach of the French,

I was detained upwards of a month in Naples, before I could find an opportunity of embarking for any port to the eastward, the French being jealous that all vessels so clearing out, were in fact bound to Sicily. At length I agreed with the Greek master of a small brig to carry me to the island of Zante; for this I paid him twenty-five Spanish dollars, and was besides to furnish myself with provisions. But this man deceived me egregiously, both as to the time of his sailing, and various other points unnecessary to repeat. I mention this because he was the first Greek with whom I had any intercourse, although not only in him, but many subsequent acquaintances of that nation, I met with nothing but the grossest falsehood and duplicity. Mean time being unoccupied, I paid more attention than hitherto to the manners around me, as also to recal those through which I had lately passed. I now proceed to mark my general opinion of the Italian character, as far as I have been enabled

to observe it, between Leghorn and Naples.

The Italians are a singular mixture of eagerness, and cunning, of mildness, and violence; of superstition and of irreligion. They are vehement in their gestures on trivial occasions; but at the very time that they appear absorbed in the violence of passion, they are full of duplicity, and grow cool in a moment, if they see any advantage in doing so. They affect to speak with great mildness, and appearance of regard even to an absolute stranger, and yet suddenly break out into violent fits of passion. They will talk lightly of the church, and turn their priests into ridicule; but after uttering an irreligious jest, a secret awe seems to drive them to the altar, where they kneel and receive the sacrament from the very hand which they have ridiculed. No people that I have ever yet seen descends so low in order to excite compassion. If they gain their object by any means they are satisfied,

and in order to affect this, fawn upon strangers in a manner that quickly becomes tedious and soon disgusting. They feel with greater accuracy than they reason, and are more apt to mislead themselves when they take time to deliberate, than when they act from the impulse of the moment. The mildness of their climate inspires them with cheerfulness, and they give themselves up with ardour to every pleasure, even the most trifling; yet their looks are composed and even grave, and their walk has nothing in it which indicates levity.

In the observance of the matrimonial engagements, no people can be more lax, nor is there any country where jealousy is so little known, nor, indeed, where it would be so very useless. When instances of private restraint or rebuke are strengthened by a considerable decency of general manners, that restraint or rebuke may be of some avail. But what benefit can arise from it, when the whole mass is corrupted,

when the cottage of the peasant is contaminated, and when the most flagrant instances of disregard to female honour are to be sought for among the nobility, and upon the throne. Italian jealousy scarcely now exists, except upon the stage, or in old romances. This however is not the case with lovers previous to marriage. Then the parties are strictly tenacious of their rights, and the slightest symptoms of indifference or infidelity, are often punished in a terrible manner.

I could not but notice, both in Spain and Italy, the avidity with which, at the theatres, the male part of the audience seized every expression which alluded disrespectfully to women. Such passages were uniformly received with unmanly laughter and applause, as if it was a great triumph obtained over their female friends. The ladies in both countries join in the laugh; but they know how to take their revenge.

During my stay at Naples great num-

bers of Calabrian prisoners were brought in, and purposely carried through the streets, or paraded in the great square. I could not observe that the Neapolitans shewed any symptoms of sorrow, or even of compassion, at the sight of their countrymen thus taken in arms, in defence of their common rights; a shrug of the shoulders was the utmost visible effect produced upon the by-standers, and they seemed to consider the expulsion of their Sovereign, and the ruin of their Country, as the decrees of Providence, against which resistance was of no avail, and murmuring impious.

I cannot refrain from mentioning an instance of what appeared to me one of the most debasing acts of superstition I had ever witnessed. One morning, in a church in the great square, I noticed a well dressed man come in, and who crossed himself with more than usual devotion. Soon afterwards he threw himself down on his knees before a crucifix, and actually licked the pavement with his

tongue. After he had done this for some time in one direction, he repeated it cross-ways, and having thus licked the shape of a crucifix rudely upon the pavement, he rose well assured that he had done a most meritorious action. I cannot express my feelings of mingled disgust and pity, at the sight of this abject wretch, who thus thought to honour God by debasing his image. My first emotions were to spurn him as he lay, and in order to check these emotions, I was obliged hastily to quit a temple where the bigotry of the votaries was so sadly in union with the mummeries of the priest.

With regard to the French whom I saw in Italy, their general character was no doubt influenced in some degree by the peculiar circumstances of their present situation; yet many traits still remained, which have been noticed by all who have travelled among them. Perhaps, indeed, these traits were rather heightened than altered by their present circumstances;

yet I am unwilling to form and express a decided opinion of a people whom I may hereafter have an opportunity, as I have the wish, of examining more closely. What I have observed would lead me to say nothing favourable, which clearly shews how circumscribed must have been my means of observation; since every nation must possess some virtues. To me the French manners appeared a mixture of self-conceit and insolence, slightly varnished over with exterior politeness. Their ignorance upon common topics of history and geography is astonishing; and exceeded only by the assurance with which they will talk on these topics, without the smallest particle of information concerning them. Of their boundless ambition, which already grasps the world, and of their hatred to England, it is unnecessary to advance many instances. In a conversation at a public table, where I was present, a French officer asked another of considerable rank, in the course of conver-

sation, "What then, have we any designs at present upon Constantinople?" "Have we any," replied the other, with a kind of sneer, which said more than the most direct answer. At the same table commerce was talked of; and the extreme ignorance displayed by all ranks upon this subject did not so much surprize me, so large a portion present being military. "Ah!" cried a merchant, "I wish the day was come when we are to destroy England; we shall then be able to carry on a nice little commerce. *Nous ferons alors un joli petit commerce.*" I looked with astonishment at this miserable trader, who so cooly talked of the annihilation of England, in order that he and his fellows might carry on *un joli petit commerce.* The matter, however, was allowed on all hands to be decided; and not only England was to be humbled, but poor Alexander (*le pauvre Alexandre*) was to be driven for shelter into Siberia.

I cannot leave Italy without taking some

notice of the French military, and the impression which they made upon me. Let us not deceive ourselves. The English soldiers, all prejudices apart, are certainly stouter, broader shouldered, and more full chested than the French: but the latter are active, nervous, and have more the air of soldiers. Their looks are more keen, the movements of their limbs more easy, and their whole appearance totally free from restraint. Their cocked hats also give them a more martial air than the polished leathern cylinders, and turned up and pomatumed hair of our soldiers, which, like many other military pedantries, we have borrowed from the Germans. This struck me forcibly afterwards in Sicily, when I came to contrast the officers of the two nations. The English, whom I saw on the parade at Messina, a few days after quitting that in the great square of Naples, had at first the appearance of handsome boys, who were not yet permitted to wear cocked hats. I had no doubt, however,

that they would nobly maintain the honour of their country, as to bravery, whenever occasion afforded; but I must confess, I did entertain some respecting their superiority, or even equality, with their enemies, in point of skill and knowledge of their profession. Doubts which subsequent events have completely removed.

I now prepared to quit Italy. Absorbed as all minds are at present in political events and calculations, I can scarcely stop to praise or even to mention the fertile soil, the happy climate, and the endless variety of prospect in this enchanting country. No where are the sublime and the beautiful, the soft and the romantic, the rich and the terrible, so happily blended. Ranges of lofty mountains, hills cultivated to the summits, lakes, water-falls, fertile plains, torrents of lava, scarcely yet cool, and mountains still burning, give an endless variety to the picture, or rather present an endless succession of enchanting views. Antiquity throws her classic mantle

over the whole, and adds an interest not possessed by any other country in Europe. But we must proceed no farther than the surface, or the delusion vanishes. We are awakened to the painful sensation that the whole country is in a state of slavery; that its proudest ornaments have been pillaged, and now grace a foreign capital; and to a feeling perhaps still more unpleasant than the rest; that the inhabitants view all this and smile. Let us not awaken such painful reflections at the moment of our departure. Suffice it, that we have been enabled to make some transient remarks on a country so interesting; and let us endeavour, if possible, not to despise but to pity its inhabitants.

CHAP. VI.

Sicily, Malta, and the Islands of the Archipelago.

At length, on the morning of the 28th, I received positive instructions to repair on board, which I speedily did, and found the little bark crowded with passengers of various descriptions, wishing to leave, or, in other words, to escape from Naples. Although the greater part of them were to be landed at Messina, this was carefully concealed while in harbour; and "for Zante," was the universal cry. Every person laid in his own stock of provisions, according to his ideas of the nature of the voyage. Trusting to a short passage, I merely provided myself with bread and figs; and after many delays, the passengers being all on board the brig, we weighed

anchor. I was pleased to observe amongst them two American gentlemen, whose conversation was likely to cheer my otherwise solitary situation, surrounded only by Greeks and Italians. The wind being fair we sailed out of the harbour with cheerful hearts; and could discern the French flag waving on the batteries along shore, and the fortress of St. Elmo, when we were already out of the reach of their cannon. And now we had to fear visits and detentions from the English, some of whose frigates were almost constantly in sight from the coast. This, however, did not much disturb us; and we enjoyed till sun-set the fine view of the town of Naples; Mount Vesuvius, its summit covered with smoke and clouds; the romantic situation of Castel del Mar; and all the beauties of this charming bay so often and so justly celebrated. In less than three hours we were close under the island of Caprea, the scene of the infamous pleasures of Tiberius; but here the wind be-

came contrary, with heavy rain; and whilst my two American companions and I were anticipating the pleasures of a sail by moonlight along the coast of Calabria, we found ourselves suddenly compelled to go below, where the heat and smell were almost insufferable. Being less accustomed than me to similar situations, they soon felt its effects, and crept into their narrow berths. Meantime I continued to endure by turns the rain on deck and the inconveniencies below, until seeing no chance of the wind changing for that night, I repaired to the miserable situation allotted to me, amidst bales and trunks, and close under the main hatchway. By the glimmering of a lamp I beheld a Greek priest, with a venerable black beard, stretched along at no great distance from me; and in this manner I slept away the stormy night, waiting anxiously for the dawn of day.

29th.—After beating about all night to no purpose, the wind still remaining

contrary, the captain of the bark bore away before the wind, and came to anchor in the bay of Baiæ. This bay, once so celebrated, lies twelve miles to the south of Naples, the town of Pozzuoli being on the inside of the point, and on the opposite a castle upon a high rock, the cannon of which may be easily made to command this side of the entrance. We anchored close under this rock in a small sandy nook at its base, and where stood a few mean houses. In countries so renowned, the tediousness of delay is amply compensated by the objects of interest which every fresh step presents. As soon as possible we went ashore; and had not advanced half a mile from the beach before we observed the ruins of ancient temples, formerly dedicated to Venus, to Diana, and to Mercury. But the interior of these walls, where incense once smoked, and Votaries bent the knee, is now overgrown with weeds, and choaked with rubbish. Farther on to the north the whole

shore is covered with ruins of brick buildings, partly standing in the side of the cliffs, and partly fallen down into the water, where portions of them stand far off, like rocks, so admirably have they been cemented together. At mid-day we set off and walked to Pozzuoli, coasting the bay as close as possible; which every where presents traces of former volcanoes. We first ascend the cliffs already mentioned, and behold below us in the sea which washes the base of the cliff, these numerous ruins. When we have turned the point, and are beginning to descend, we enter a long narrow passage cut in the rock, with vents from space to space on our right, through which if we creep and look down we behold the sea dashing below. At the end of this passage smoke issues from a narrow gallery cut into the mountain on the left. This is the entrance to the natural warm-baths of Nero; the sides and roofs blackened with the smoke of torches, denote the number of

visitants whom curiosity has at various times attracted hither. A little beyond the entrance of this gallery is a beautiful arched bath also formed in the rock. The whole of the interior appears to have been formerly covered with elegant figures in stucco, divided into departments, many of which are still in excellent preservation. And now we begin rapidly to descend, and soon arrive upon the sandy beach at the head of the bay, along which we walk, leaving behind us the interesting cliff mentioned. Ruins of ancient buildings still, however, appear far off, half covered by the waves, and are indeed so thickly spread over the bottom of the whole bay, that a vessel cannot be too cautious in choosing a spot to anchor. Having proceeded about a mile from the cliff, along the shore, we arrived at the foot of Monte Nuovo; so called from being thrown up in a single night, during a terrible earthquake, in the year 1538. It is of course an immense mass of volcanic

matter, about three hundred feet in height; and at the summit is a deep and regular crater. After descending from this, the road to Pozzuoli is generally level, partly along a beach of black sand; and a farther walk of two miles brings us to this town, advantageously situated at the entrance of the bay. I have already said, that I am not writing a description of Italy, and Puzzuoli is among the places well known and often described, on account of the Solfa terra which smokes in the hill behind it. It appears to have been the intention of one of the Roman Emperors to construct a bridge across the whole breadth of the bay. The ruins of this stupendous work, which was probably never half compleated, consist of very thick piers of brick, with portions of arches still overhanging the water. We crossed the bay from Pozzuoli in a boat; and enquired of our boatmen the origin of these ruins. They piously informed us that the devil had obtained permission to build a bridge over

the bay if he could finish it in one night; but that the dawn of day surprized him at his labour, which he instantly abandoned; and thus it has remained ever since. We smiled at this account, and they were offended at our incredulity.

30th.—In spite of all our remonstrances, the captain would not this day put to sea, although the wind was fair. He was withheld by superstitious reasons; and trusted more to the predictions of the priest than the fine appearance of the weather. There being no other resource, we went again on shore; and after visiting the former ruins, went to inspect the Piscinum Mirabile, an immense reservoir for water, on the top of a high hill. The water of this reservoir supplied perhaps the greater part of the ancient town of Baiæ; and was brought from the lakes below, and poured down into it; a work of astonishing labour. Near it are the ruins of Nero's prisons; where ingenuity seems to have been exhausted to prolong the sufferings, and

prevent the escape of those confined. More pleasing objects were visible from these heights; the Elysian Fields, Lake Averno, and the bay and promontory of Misenum.

Towards the land this promontory presents a level summit; such as is called by seamen table land; but I know not whether the wanderer along its base may yet discern the ruins of the tomb of Misenus, the trumpeter of Æneas, and whom Virgil represents to have given name to this point:

"At pius Æneas ingenti mole sepulchrum,
"Imponit, suaque arma Viro, remumque, tubamque,
"Monte sub aërio, qui nunc Misenus ab illo
"Dicitur, æternumque tenet per secula nomen."
ÆNE. Lib. 6.

Yet this country, once so delightful, has undergone many changes; and Baiæ, the summer resort of emperors and senators, is become very unhealthy, as the inhabi-

tants informed us, and as their meagre and sallow countenances sufficiently testified.

31st.—This day the prejudices of our captain being removed, although the wind continued still nearly the same, we weighed anchor in the afternoon, and sailed with a fine breeze; all night the wind continued fair, so that at day-break on the

1st April—Mount Stromboli was clearly visible a-head; and as the sun began to disperse the fog, the rest of the Lipari islands gradually appeared. Notwithstanding we continued to go at the rate of eight miles an hour during the whole of the morning, we did not come abreast of Stromboli before one o'clock, when we passed close under it. We had therefore seen it at the distance of more than fifty miles. It is an immense volcanic cone, vomiting smoke from the summit; and at night the flames are visible. The different streams of black lava which appear to have issued very lately, are clearly distinguishable down its sides. Soon after passing Strom-

boli we discerned the high lands of Sicily and Calabria, in spite of the maze in the air; and at four o'clock were already near enough to distinguish the Fanal or light-house, which in the night-time marks to seamen the entrance of the strait which separates Sicily from Italy. At the same time, however, we noticed a large vessel bearing right down towards us, and which soon afterwards fired a cannon, of which we only saw the smoke. That, however, was sufficient to put our captain into great trepidation; and he judged it prudent to heave to, until the vessel came near us, and sent a boat to board us. The officer informed us that it was the Melpomene frigate; and having examined the papers of the brig, relieved our captain from his fears, by wishing him a good voyage and leaving us. At sun set the wind died away, and soon afterwards it became quite calm, yet the current evidently carried us towards the entrance of the strait. As the light-house stands upon the end of a

low sandy point, we were not without fears of being drifted upon it. Presently, however, six or eight men came off in a boat, and after much bargaining, and great ingenuity in the art displayed on both sides, agreed to pilot us into Messina. The calm continuing, they took us in tow; and singing Sicilian airs in concert, dragged along our little bark cheerily. As it was a beautiful moonlight evening, nothing could exceed the majestic appearance of the dark high land on both sides, separated by a glittering current which reflected the beams of the moon. Before mid-night we were safely anchored in the Port of Messina.

2d.—After being inspected at the Health Office, and examined by the governor, we were left at liberty to range about Messina. The houses appeared to me diminutive in height, after just leaving the lofty buildings of Naples; but a little time reconciled me to them; and they are certainly better adapted for the terrible casualties to which these countries are subject. Mes-

sina, even now, appears to be only beginning to rise from a heap of ruins, such as it was left by a dreadful earthquake in the year 1783. Along the water, for nearly a mile in length, are the remains of a noble front to a pile of public buildings, and being the first objects which present themselves to the eye of the stranger, they give him the idea of some great recent calamity; nor can he easily believe that such has been their situation for upwards of twenty years. This first impression is never thoroughly removed; and the town always retains a mournful appearance. The principal church, like all the rest, is built in a very bad taste, although the roof has probably once been interesting. Since the arrival of the English here from Naples, it is said, however, that an unusual alacrity has pervaded all ranks; the ruins begin to be cleared away; new houses are rapidly rising; and even new streets planned out; yet so long as a great pile of ruin is the principal object which must

necessarily strike the eye in the public walk along the water, so long will Messina present to a stranger the melancholy idea of destruction.

As to the port, subsequent views serve only to strengthen the first impression of its excellence. It may certainly be ranked among the finest in Europe; both on account of its admirable situation for commerce with every part of the Mediterranean, and its natural internal advantages. It is capable of sheltering a thousand vessels; and is formed by a tongue of land which runs out from the island, describing the segment of a circle concave to the N. N. W. Upon this is built the citadel, a pentagonal fortress, well situated for defending the harbour, within which ships of the line may be moored all along the shore, and at ten yards distance from it. In the centre of the harbour the water is of immense depth; and in the middle of the straits it is said to be unfathomable. When we look on the opposite high moun-

tains of Calabria, from a low situation, across the tongue of land which hides the strait between, it appears incredible that an almost insuperable barrier should there separate a host of Frenchmen from a little band of seven thousand of their most determined enemies.

3d.—Made an excursion of three or four miles along the northern shore, as far as a small temple or chapel, whence there is a fine view across the straits towards Scylla, on the opposite shore; where the French are said to be now employed in erecting batteries. On my return, see the captain of the bark, who informs me that I shall not have time to go to Syracuse, as was my intention, and return before his departure. Adieu, then, my hopes in that quarter! I shall not behold the city besieged by Marcellus.

4th.—Walked upwards of seven miles along the southern shore, until I had passed the point opposite to Rhegium. Here the road led me close to the sea, of

which I took advantage, and bathed on a fine gravelly bottom, and the water deepening rapidly. The mountains on my right very steep and romantic, and now beginning to be covered with verdure to their summits; but the people, as in the kingdom of Naples, poor and miserable in their appearance. It did not occur to me till my return, that this was Good Friday; a day, which in my early years I was always accustomed to dedicate to friendship; and now, alas! to mournful remembrance. Such was it on the present occasion.

Towards the evening there was a grand religious procession, in which were carried a number of figures of the human size, representing the Saviour in various situations, the best calculated to affect the imagination or the feelings of the Sicilians. In the first figure Christ was represented kneeling down in the garden, praying that the cup (presented by a silver angel, fastened by wires to a tree) might pass away. In the second, bound to the pillar.

The third represented the mockery of the Jews. The fourth shewed Christ stooping under the weight of his cross. The fifth displayed the crucifixion. The sixth figure was the weeping mother. In the seventh the dead body appeared laid out. This figure was followed by an immense crowd. Lastly, under a canopy, was borne the sacred wafer, and as it passed, all the faithful threw themselves on their knees. Each figure was carried by four men; many noblemen, cloathed in white from head to foot, mingled in the procession, with tapers in their hands; and several companies of Sicilian soldiers, with inverted arms and muffled drums, preceded and closed the whole. In the evening I heard a dispute between two Italians, one of them an officer of cavalry, whether the business had been badly or well conducted. They talked of the management of the procession as they would of a play or a review.

Saturday, 5th.—The captain of the bark

still continued to say he will go to-morrow. By this means he effectually prevents my venturing far from town. About this time the King of Naples, who had hitherto resided in Palermo, since leaving Italy, made his public entrance into Messina; which is henceforth to be his principal place of residence. It had been generally imagined that many of the Sicilians were disaffected to his government; but of this no symptoms appeared on the occasion of his entry; vast crowds assembling in the streets, and along the roads, and welcoming him with every demonstration of joy and loyalty. There was something catching in the enthusiasm of this great multitude, pressing upon each other, and stretching out their hands, were it only to touch the bridle of their king's horse, or the hem of his garment. How enviable appears the lot of those in power, who can so easily make themselves beloved; for Ferdinand is certainly a man of no talents. He resembles his brother the King of Spain in

the lineaments of his face, but he is neither so tall nor so stout; nor has he so much the look of a king. Illuminations and fire-works were displayed as soon as it became dark, and continued for several successive nights. Perhaps the fire-work most grateful to the eyes of the king was the blaze of cannon of the English ships of war in the harbour, and of their musketry on shore. In them he beheld the firmest supports of his Sicilian throne.

Monday, 7th.—Walk along the shore to the north of the town, and after some time, turned off to the left, among the hills, which I soon began to ascend. An hour and a half brought me from the first ascent to the highest ridge; whence there was a clear view on one side of the town and harbour of Messina, the Light-house, the Straits, and the opposite shore and mountains of Calabria; and on the other, Melazzo, with the intervening vallies and ridges, and at a distance Stromboli, and the other Lipari Islands. After wandering

about for some time, a thick mist began to collect on the tops of the mountains, and I made the best of my way down. The bare summit on which I stood was surrounded at a less elevation by conical hills, thinly covered with pine trees, and furrowed by deep vallies which led down towards the sea on both sides. These vallies are generally with steep sides and level at the bottom, gradually opening out towards the sea, the soil either sandy or covered with large smooth stones in the vallies running eastward, or towards Calabria; but they are narrow and more fertile towards Melazzo, on the west. In a word, the whole of these mountains bear the impression of the mingled operations of fire and water; which at some very distant period in the history of our globe, have been the powerful subordinate agents in furrowing the face of the earth. On, or near the highest summits are specimens of lava; as well as near the bases of some of them; but the lower hills are generally

composed of gravel and smooth stones, imbedded either in sand or a kind of dry friable mud, and of which I had never before seen such immense beds. Cultivation is carried in spots high up these hills, chiefly of the vine, which is kept low as at the Cape of Good Hope; and the different patches enclosed with hedges of euphorbium. There are several romantic situations in the steep vallies among the mountains; but except on some of the cones, trees are every where wanting to clothe and give a richness to the bare outline of ridges and peaks. To my great disappointment, all the island towards Mount Ætna was obscured; and indeed since my arrival I have never been able to obtain a view of that celebrated mountain.

Tuesday, 8th.—Spent in little excursions about the town; the captain of the brig still continuing to say he will go to-morrow.

9th.—Climbed the hills again to the north-west of the town, ascending by a

different valley from that which I had previously followed. In addition to my former views, I saw a little cannonading of the English gun-boats, upon a fort which the French had erected on the heights of Scylla, but which appeared to have been previously silenced, as they did not return a gun. I plainly heard the sound of the cannon, and saw all the manœuvres of the gun-boats, from the very highest pinnacle of the mountains. Three or four Goat-herds, of a wild appearance, and with leathern dresses, stood around me, leaning upon their long staffs, and looking with amazement at the distant smoke, and at me by turns. The distant scenery, joined to that upon the tops of the mountains, produced a striking effect.

Thursday, 10th.—The captain of the brig still continued to swear pardi he will go to-morrow. This evening the King was present in great state at the theatre; where I see him for the third, and, I hope, last time.

Friday, 11th.—Am called early in the morning by my fellow-passengers, who inform me that the captain allows us an hour to be on board. After packing up, paying our bill on shore, and swallowing our breakfast in a hurry, meet the captain still on shore, who informs us, that perhaps we may go in the afternoon. This day again lost; carry our trunks, however, on board, and sleep there.

Saturday, 12th.—The captain, after going on shore returns and informs us, with great coolness, that he has altered his voyage; and shall not proceed directly to Zante. By this conduct, besides the time already gone, I lose also the whole of this day, as also of Sunday, 13th, and Monday 14th.

On Tuesday 15th agree with the master of a Sparonara or Maltese boat to carry one of my American friends and myself to Malta, for twenty ducats, of ten carlines each. A Spanish dollar is worth twelve carlines and two-tenths. Convey our bag-

gage from the brig on board of the boat. Pardi will sail to-morrow.

Wednesday, 16. — Fine north west breeze. Cannot possibly sail to-day; but, Si Dio vuole (if God be willing) will certainly go to-morrow.

Thus disappointed, we go to the citadel, and from the ramparts see a review of all the troops along the shore, to the southward of the town, as if to oppose an enemy in landing. The fineness of the day, the high hills on the right hand, the strait in front, the opposite shore, and hills of Calabria on the left, and the good appearance of the troops; but above all, the idea that this might one day be a reality, all tended to give an interest to the scene. As if to increase it a Brig and Cutter got under weigh, and stood through the straits, and to our great mortification we are informed that they are bound for Malta. How came we not to hear of this? Pardi I am very unfortunate!

Thursday, 17th.—The wind still conti-

nuing fair for Malta, early in the morning the padrone or master of the Sparonara came to awaken us; and by eight o'clock we were under weigh and standing out of the harbour. Fresh breeze and a charming sail along the coast of Sicily; which for fifteen or twenty miles from Messina is generally high and steep, close to the water's edge, with villages or little towns placed at intervals in romantic and almost inaccessible situations, upon the tops and along the edges of hills. Towards midday we for the first time have a clear view of Mount Ætna, which had hitherto to me been obscured. Upon this side it does not shew itself detached from the ridges of mountains which connect with it, sufficiently to form a great and separate object, equal to the idea which I had formed of it. This no doubt arose from our being on the water close to the shore; and of course too near to see it in all its greatness. The whole of this afternoon we continue to sail along the base of Ætna,

at Casablanca del Rey, or the King's White House, a solitary post-house, not worthy of so sounding a title. Two and a half leagues further brought me to the ancient city of Cordova, close upon the Guadalquiver. This city, once the capital of the Moors, still preserves many traces of that people, particularly in the cathedral, with its numerous spiry turrets. The approach to it is pleasing; as from gently sloping heights we have a fine view of its walls and towers, and the windings of the river. But it may be still farther remarked, that the complexions of the people begin perceptibly to alter, not only here, but at Andujar, becoming browner, and marking either the influence of a warmer climate, or of different ancestors from the Spaniards of the interior and northern provinces. At Cordova we cross the Guadalquiver, on a fine old bridge; and looking back, behold the river running close under the walls of the town, and the minaret turrets of the cathedral

overtopping all. This town well deserves two or three days investigation; what shall I then presume to say of it who was there only two or three hours? After leaving Cordova, we see no more of the Guadalquiver, but soon enter on a more open and uncultivated country, which continues till we reach the solitary post-house of El Cortijo de Mangonegro, at the distance of three leagues.

Three leagues more brings us to la Carlota, a remarkably neat village, upon a height, with a very broad street through the centre. and furnished with a public library, the first I have seen in Spain. Whilst stopping here to eat, I hear that couriers from the coast have passed through, in all haste to Madrid. They talk confusedly of a great naval fight with the English, but reports concerning the issue are various. This only increases my eagerness to arrive at the coast. Four leagues from Carlota brings us to Ecija, through a diversified and pleasant country.

already mentioned, under Cape Passero. This Cape of itself is a low point; but at little more than a mile's distance inland behind it, the land rises to a moderate height, and is visible for many leagues off at sea. Near the Cape is a small island connected with Sicily by a ledge of rocks, overflowed at high water. On this island are a castle and a light-house. In the afternoon I took a solitary walk along the coast to the northward, and after passing the ruined manufactory, soon came to some cliffs, which excited all my curiosity. Upon a deep stratum of solid stone I noticed another, varying in thickness from two to four and five feet. This layer was full of petrified fish, shells, and plants; and although I had often seen specimens of similar productions in the museums, yet this being the first time that I had seen them in their natural bed, I was much pleased with my discovery. Upon farther examination, I found that the layers, both above and below, in many

places, bore evident marks of fire, and I came at length to a part where this singular bed had all the appearance of having been once a volcanic mud. Here all the plants or fish in the lower part of the layer appeared black, as if burnt, and were so friable that they crumbled to powder, with a moderate touch. Above, on the contrary, they were as hard as the body of the stone itself. But principally in a little cave I broke off large portions of a cindery stone, which, when broken, exhibited specimens of sulphur, almost as bright in colour, and in every other respect nearly the same, as those which I had picked up or broken off in the crater of Vesuvius. Such a sight naturally fills the mind with many meditations upon the great revolutions which our globe must have undergone in past ages; and considering the nature of that extent of country over which we have lately passed, from Leghorn to Rome and Naples; and from Naples, by Stromboli still burning, to

Messina, Mount Ætna, and the coast of Sicily, to Cape Passero, I could not but feel my mind impressed with a belief, amounting almost to conviction, that the whole was of volcanic origin. It was Italy that first suggested to Buffon his idea that the whole globe was originally a mass of melted matter. Buffon was an atheist; and I am a firm believer in the power and wisdom of One Almighty God; yet I begin to be half tempted to form the same opinion; and to think that the solid and uniform texture of the Alps arises probably from their having been once in a state of fusion.

Sat. 19th.—Return to my discoveries in company with my fellow-passenger; and having provided ourselves with hammers, we set to work to break off specimens with great diligence, and which sufficiently employed us till three or four o'clock, when we returned loaded with our spoils. A warm dispute, however, arose between the two philosophers; one asserting the speci-

mens to be mostly of petrified fish; the other, of a peculiar marine plant; and although we had discovered some shells and one small crab embedded in the stone, where even the colours of the shell were preserved; each remained of his own opinion. The fact is, neither of us being a botanist or naturalist sufficiently to decide positively, we had liberty to conjecture whatever we pleased. In the evening, however, I again stumbled on another curiosity, a little to the right hand of the path leading from the bay where our boat was anchored, to the village. This was a petrified bone; which appeared to me one of the lower vertebræ of a whale, or very large fish. New ground of dispute again, however; for when I brought my companion to see it, he determined it to have been the skull of some large terrestrial animal, with tusks. It was, when I first saw it, like a large stone, all the holes being filled up with a black earth, which I easily pushed out with a stick. When

struck, it rang like a piece of metal; and on my hammering it with a small stone, a piece chipped off in the manner of glass. I would willingly have taken this curiosity with me to Malta, but the boat is already deeply laden, and the wind being high, and the sea rough, I should have to squabble with the Captain for its admission; and if we arrive safe at Malta, what shall I do with it there; where I have not a single friend? Once more I lie in the village, but am prevented from sleep the whole night long by the noise of the winds, and the terrible roaring of the sea along the shore. This is a wearisome night for many a poor fellow at sea.

Sunday, 20th.—The sea still too rough, and the wind, although fair, too high to allow our little bark to venture out. In addition to this, it began to rain; which, although affording a prospect of the wind and sea calming, yet allowed us no pleasure out of doors. In the afternoon it cleared up, and I enjoyed my solitary walk

by the cliff of shells. This cliff is now upwards of fifty feet above the level of the sea. In the evening I attended the small chapel of the place; where the women shed easy tears, and the men beat their breasts with more than usual devotion.

Monday, 21st.—We are awakened this morning by a sailor from the boat, with intelligence that the master only waited for us, in order to sail. We accordingly rose; and having settled with our host, and taken a draught of milk, ran down to the boat, and in a few minutes were under weigh. We left the land at half past six o'clock; and though the air was foggy, yet the wind being favourable, the passage across was sufficiently pleasant. When about fifteen miles from Malta, the mist cleared away, and we enjoyed a fine view of that island, and of Gozzo, a small one adjoining to it. So much has been already written concerning this celebrated island, that had my stay upon it even been longer than it proved to be, I should not

conceive myself entitled to digress upon its history and situation. As we approach near, not only the admirable harbour, but the whole island, appears as if fortified by rows of entrenchments, one above another. By degrees, however, we discovered these to be merely the stone walls, used as inclosures, and which assume that appearance from the gentle slope of the land. In other parts, on the contrary, especially towards the harbour, the sandstone rocks rise perpendicularly from the sea; and have a whiteness which, when the sun shines bright, almost dazzles the eyes. As we enter the harbour we behold on each side the steep heights, crowned with those impregnable fortifications, and batteries which forbid all access to an enemy's fleet; and might indeed, like Gibraltar, defy the united navies of Europe. By four o'clock our little vessel was anchored near the Wharf, having performed the passage from Cape Passero in somewhat less than ten hours; and after no long delay,

we were cleared at the health office, and permitted to go ashore. A great crowd of Maltese awaited our coming, and before we could land many of them jumped into the boat, and struggling with one another, carried off our baggage in spite of blows. No sooner did we force one man to let a parcel drop than another snatched it up, till weary with the strife, we left the matter to be decided among themselves, and then followed those who had been so fortunate as to bear away the booty. This eagerness, which exceeded all that I had ever seen in any country on similar occasions, would appear at first sight to denote great misery in the lower classes of Maltese, were this idea not belied by their strong and healthy appearance, and by the well known fact, that they have never been so happily situated. From the water side we ascend most of the streets by steps, which soon fatigues a stranger in his rambles about this singular place.

Tuesday 22d.—Find out a public room, where there are English newspapers, that indescribable treat to an Englishman abroad, who wishes to know the truth. After long turning over, find a translation of the French account of the battle of Austerlitz, the first and only one which I have hitherto been able to obtain. If this account be just, it appears to me shameful, that in these days a great army should be beaten by the French, on nearly the very same principles, that fifty years ago the French were beaten by the King of Prussia, at Rosbach. Pass the rest of the day in viewing the fortifications of La Valetta, and in making an excursion of several miles into the country. This appears to be every where highly cultivated. Not a spot of ground is lost, and even the roads are little wider than what may be strictly necessary. As the fields, however, are all divided by stone walls, we look in vain for the rich effect produced in a landscape by the green hedges of England. To atone for this, the people whom I met

in great numbers on the road, (it being a holiday) wore all a cheerful aspect. Some were on foot, and many women in chaises drawn by a single horse or mule, the driver running along-side with great swiftness. They often saluted me, calling out "good night, John"; this being a common name for Englishmen in many countries bordering on the Mediterranean.

Wednesday 23d.—This morning I am informed that a convoy is appointed for proceeding to the eastward. No signals however are made all this day for preparing to sail, nor have any of the Captains as yet received their instructions. I, however, speak to Captain Wheatley, of the ship Success, for my passage to Constantinople. In the evening go to the Maltese theatre. The performers are still more despicable than those of Messina, and here, as on all the theatres of Spain and Italy, paltry jokes upon the female sex are received with unmanly applause. The play was called the Duke of Burgundy; the story the same as

that on which Shakspeare has founded his Measure for Measure, but oh, what a difference between the English and the Italian Bard!

Thursday 24th.—This morning the ships in the harbour are in motion, and the convoy destined for the eastward have loosed their sails. At three o'clock I repaired on board with my baggage, and in less than three hours all the convoy are out of the harbour and under way. The evening being fine, we enjoy a fine view of Malta till dark. It gives pleasure to observe, that although there are seven or eight English vessels in the fleet, some of them of considerable value, it is thought sufficient to send them under convoy of the Renard Schooner. It appears from this that the English apprehend little danger in the Levant seas.

Friday 25th, Saturday 26th, Sunday 27th.—All these three days the wind continues steady and favourable, and nothing is talked of but a speedy passage to Smyrna and Constantinople.

Monday 28th.—About ten in the morning make the high lands of the Morea, the ancient Peloponnesus, which we continue to approach fast. This being my first view of Greece, I noticed with eagerness its every peak and slope. Early in the afternoon we distinguished Monte Vitullo, resembling Etna in shape and almost in height, and its summit covered with snow. By degrees we leave this mountain behind on our left, and having neared the island of Serigo (the ancient Cytherea) just as we were preparing to enter the strait between that island and the Main, the wind suddenly fell, and soon afterwards came directly against us.

Tuesday 29th, Wednesday 30th, Thursday 1st May.—All these three days the wind still remaining contrary, we kept beating about between Serigo and the Main. This island, with its name, has also changed its appearance, and Serigo no longer recals the idea of the ancient Cytherea. It is bare on every side towards the sea, presenting generally a bleak ridge,

with few, or no romantic varieties of outline. This, to be the first, is indeed a melancholy specimen of the islands of ancient Greece.

Friday, May 2d.—Are carried to leeward, to near the island of Milo, but do not endeavour to enter the harbour till the ensuing morning,

Saturday, 3d.—When tired with beating about, our Commodore bore away, and about mid-day the whole fleet was safely anchored in the harbour. In the afternoon I go ashore, and for the first time touch Grecian ground.

Sunday 4th.—A party is formed from the several ships, and having landed we find half a dozen asses ready saddled, with two or three drivers waiting for us on the beach. The greater part of us being mounted on these, the cavalcade set forward for the town of Milo, situated on the top of a lofty conical hill, on the eastern side of the harbour. There we were hospitably entertained by a Greek, calling

himself English Consul, and who spoke tolerably good English. After, and during dinner, we were served with a sweet, but not unpleasant wine, the produce of the island.

Monday 9th.—A signal from the Commodore to get under weigh, although the wind be still very doubtful. We are accordingly employed all day in tacking about; but at night, after having worked out of the harbour, the wind still remaining contrary, we return and anchor on the western side of the bay,

Tuesday 6th.—Go on shore with my gun, and find great numbers of water fowl on a small lake, formed by warm springs, between the foot of a lofty mountain and the sea beach. This water is salt as it issues from the ground. I noticed afterwards from the top of a rock several other springs in the sea, gushing up from the bottom, in a part where there was eight or nine feet water.

Wednesday 7th, Thursday 8th.—Still

in harbour. On Wednesday ascend the lofty mountain on the western side of the bay. Its summit is a cone surmounted with bare rocks, and covered, especially towards the base, with loose stones, which give way under the feet. In my descent visited the Convent of St. George, situated about half way up the mountain, where the fathers cultivate their gardens in peace from all, but the annual visits of Turkish oppression, and grow that good wine which I had tasted in the town of Milo. Although used to walking, and to clamber hills, it took me up nearly two hours to ascend from the beach to the summit. Thence I had a fine view of many islands all round; and here I had an opportunity of making my final observations on Milo, which are as follows.

It is one of the islands of the Grecian Archipelago, lying nearest to the westward, excepting Serigo. Its greatest length is from N. E. to S. W. ten or twelve miles, and a line so drawn would

form a diagonal to its general shape. Its breadth is about six or seven miles. This includes the harbour, which makes so deep an indent towards the S. E. that from the bottom of the bay across to the sea, the Isthmus is little above a mile in width. This harbour is one of the finest in the Archipelago, of about four miles diameter, and capable of affording shelter to an almost innumerable navy, being equally convenient for ships bound either up or down the Mediterranean, when taken aback near to Milo by contrary winds. It is of a circular form, and at no great distance from the shore, the water is deep, say twenty or twenty-five fathoms, bottom sandy. On the eastern side of the entrance of the harbour are several high and very steep hills, on the summit of the loftiest of which the town of Milo is built. It contains about nine hundred souls, and the houses are so placed as that their back walls form the defence of the town ; a defence sufficient against the only ene-

mies which they have at present to dread, namely, Pirates from the Morea, or from the neighbouring islands. These houses are miserable in their appearance, both outside and inwards; but the inhabitants, though poorly dressed, have not the haggard and assassin look of many of the lower class of Spaniards and Italians. There is also another town or village, situated in a plain at the bottom of the bay, and containing about five hundred inhabitants; but bearing the appearance of having been formerly far more populous: farther on are the remains of a very ancient town, now deserted, and of which I was not informed till it was too late to visit the spot. On the western side of the harbour is a high hill, the top part of which (as already mentioned) is a regular cone. At the foot of this mountain and close to the beach, is a small lake or marsh, formed by a number of warm salt springs, and indeed all along the bay there are spots where the warm water oozes up

close to the sea. Whilst on this mountain every thing reminds us of Vesuvius; on the other side of the bay on the contrary, we may pick out of the sides of the hills, sea shells embedded in a calcareous earth, at an elevation of more than three hundred feet above the level of the sea. What apparent contradictions!

In other respects, there are few very picturesque views about Milo. The best in my opinion is from the bottom of the harbour, looking towards the entrance, and the high rock of Ante-Milo without;—also where anchored well in shore on each side the view from the deck of a vessel on a fine moonlight night is beautiful, the entrance being shut in by a small white promontory, and the bay appearing like a circular lake sheltered by high lands from every wind. I reserve my opinion of the inhabitants until I have seen more Greeks. From Milo may be seen the islands of Argetera, Sifanto, Nixia, Zira, and many other small islands.

Friday, 9th.—Get under way and stand out of the harbour, with a favourable but slight breeze, and which failed us before night. After this we had a great deal of calm weather, or very light airs, which detained us long among the islands, a circumstance which I must say I did not exceedingly regret. These islands were chiefly Argetera, Sifanto, Thermio, Andros, Tino, Negroponte, besides the high main land of the Morea. They uniformly present a bare and rugged aspect, seldom adorned, even in spots, by trees, villages, or even houses. On Monday, 12th, we made the island of Scio, which also has its lofty peak, and presents an agreeable variety of mountains and vallies, being reckoned the most delightful and best cultivated island of the Archipelago. In the evening are becalmed between Scio and Mytelene, also a fruitful but mountainous island.

CHAP. VII.

Smyrna, and the Passage to Constantinople.

On the 13th of May we entered the gulph of Smyrna, having several small islands on our right, and on Wednesday, 14th, came to anchor off the town. As there are here no quarantine laws or restrictions upon the communication between vessels and the shore, we were not long in availing ourselves of this freedom, and for the first time I found myself in Asia. As I may again return to Smyrna, I shall not at present say any thing concerning this town, until after having examined it more attentively. One circumstance however occurred during my stay, which tended to give me an idea of the indifference with which the Turks regard the life of a fellow creature.

Monday, 19th.—This afternoon in the street a crowd passed me in a great hurry, and an Italian exclaimed, "there is a man going to be executed." At the corner of another street I again met the procession. The executioner and the criminal with his arms bound down to his sides, and a Janissary on each side walked in front; other Janissaries followed, and then the crowd. The whole went at a brisk, and indeed a hurried pace, and as it passed through the Greek quarter of the town, the windows were soon crowded with female spectators. I hurried to one side, but meeting with a man whom I knew, "what," said he, "do you not wish to see a Turkish execution?" Prompted by curiosity I again turned back to see the ceremony, but in this short interval the man was dead, so that I only beheld for the second or third time in my life, what has always been to me one of the most shocking objects in human life, a miserable victim to his own crimes. The pre-

ceding day he had murdered his companion near the very spot where he was executed. A cord was passed over the projecting beam of a house, and the poor wretch was hanging about three feet from the ground, without any covering to his face, and his shirt open at the breast, so that the last convulsive heavings of the bowels were visible. His long black hair, his large whiskers, and his strangled countenance, formed one of the most horrible and disgusting sights that can be conceived. The Turks stood round and laughed at the Tiniot Dog, (a Greek from the isle of Tino.) I was informed that the body must hang there for three days, although it was at the end of one of the principal streets of the town, and the weather very sultry ; and that even at the end of that time the neighbouring inhabitants would be obliged to purchase at a high rate the permission to remove it. Thus by these summary methods of executing justice, by going about loaded with

pistols and daggers, and by the long habits of domineering on the one side, and of slavery on the other, a handful of undisciplined, lazy, and ignorant Turks, keep in subjection the descendants of the ancient Grecians, in the very seats of their former learning and power. For Smyrna lays claim to the honour of being the birth place of Homer, and not far from the town is shewn a garden which still goes by his name. This however is a most dubious honour; and from the general testimony, Scio appears to have the fairest claim to be deemed the native island of that immortal poet.

On the evening of this day we repaired on board, and again weighed anchor for Constantinople, but scarcely had we got clear of the shipping when the wind fell, and we were obliged to anchor.

Tuesday 20th.—In the evening got again under way, but made little progress through the whole night, except getting a few miles below the Castle of Smyrna.

The 21st and 22d were employed in beating between Mytelene and the main land, until the 23d, when by dint of tacking we found ourselves close up with the island of St. Estrada, with Mount Santo (the Athos of the Greeks) on the main land a head, and the island of Lemnos on the starboard bow. Whilst the Captain was meditating how he should steer to make this latter island, I regarded it with more curiosity, as being the spot where poor Vulcan fell and broke his leg. Lemnos in proportion to its extent appears to be one of the lowest islands in the Archipelago, so that a notable fall he must have had of it, when

> "Thrown by angry Jove
> Sheer o'er the chrystal battlements; from morn
> To noon he fell, from noon to dewy eve,
> A summer's day, and with the setting sun
> Dropt from the zenith like a falling star
> On Lemnos, th' Ægean Isle."
>
> MILTON, P. L.

About sun-set we anchored in the mid-

channel between Tenedos and the Main, by which means, on the morning of

Saturday, 24th, I had a clear view of that island immortalized by ancient Poets, as a cover to the pretended retreat of the Greeks, and of the opposite coast, once the site of the far famed Troy. Tenedos is a low island of small extent, and lying nearly North and South. It has a pretty deep bay on its eastern side, at the bottom of a conical hill of no great height, but which is the only one in the island, and on the rocky side of which the castle and town are built; the former commanded by neighbouring heights, and the latter of moderate extent. The distance between the Island and the Main is nearly the same as that between Italy and Sicily, being about five miles in the narrowest part.

Sunday, 25th.—Went ashore on the Trojan side, at the bottom of a small semicircular bay, and bent our way towards a house which we had seen about two miles off to our left. On our road we noticed two fountains of fine water, and

after passing through extensive fields of wheat and barley fully ripe, arrived at a rapid brook, conjectured to be the ancient Scamander, on the opposite bank of which stood the house to which we were bound. Crossing the narrow bridge which lay over the brook I noticed two pieces of an ancient pillar or pillars, which composed part of the bridge. They were of a basaltic stone, and from the rim round one of them appeared to have been of the Doric order. On the rising grounds on each side of the small bay, were several conical hills, apparently formed by man, resembling tumuli or barrows, and which, perhaps, cover the remains of Homer's Heroes, Patroclus, Achilles, or of my favourite Hector. On our return along the beach I picked up a number of pieces of brick worn smooth by the waves, although at present there is only one house to be seen for many miles round, and that is built entirely of rugged wood and stones.

After we had reached the ship, a favour-

able breeze sprang up, and our anchor was immediately weighed, but scarcely had we proceeded three or four miles when it failed, and we brought up near a small village on the heights, called by our Italian pilot, Villa Nova.

Monday, 26th, Tuesday, 27th. The wind still remaining contrary we renewed our visit to the shore, and provided ourselves at the village with fowls, eggs, and bread at a cheap rate. This village is miserably built, and appears to be inhabited chiefly by Greeks. Roaming about, my attention was attracted by a small pillar, inserted into a low wall round a house, where it was huddled together with common loose stones. On examination I found it to be of basalt, and exactly similar to the pieces which I had noticed in the bridge over the brook a few days before. At a little distance from it, forming a portion of the same wall, was the base of a pillar of white marble. By the door of the house was also a block of white marble, to serve as a seat, and I remarked

with eagerness that it had an inscription upon it. It had formed part of a vault or private burying ground, being thus inscribed in beautiful characters.

C. MARCIVS. MARSVS
V. F. SIBI. ET. SVIS.

I could obtain no intelligence whence this had been taken, nor, after a long search did I observe any other remains of ancient times in or about the village. From a little height I had a clear view of the fine plain which I had been on a few days before, and which is said to be the site of ancient Troy. On it, at a great distance, I observed the village of Bournabashi, adorned with a square tower and a minaret, but none of my companions were willing to go with me so far; and being unarmed I did not chuse to venture alone.

Wednesday, 28th.—Early this morning got under weigh, and after several tacks reached over to the European side of the Hellespont, and anchored close under a castle, near to which was a small town. The castle seemed in a most neglected

condition, and though in one part thickly planted with cannon, yet the one-half of them were only laid upon blocks of wood, and the rest mounted upon miserable carriages that could not bear three discharges. Some of them however were of a very large bore, with piles of stone bullets lying near them; but few symptoms of any garrison, except here and there a Turk sitting crosslegged and smoking his long pipe. About nine o'clock in the evening, being clear moonlight, they began on shore to cry out very loud, always in the same tone, at the same time blowing their shrill Moorish pipes, and beating their drums, and this noise they continued throughout the whole of the night, until nearly day-break. Whether this was a religious ceremony, or merely an amusement, I know not.

Thursday, 29th.—Again weighed anchor and stretched across the mouth of the Hellespont, not being able to beat up on the European side, the current running so strongly down. When we had reached

the Asiatic shore, we found an eddy or counter current running to the North East, and extending about a mile from the coast. This counter current enabled us to beat up to within a few miles of the narrowest part of the Dardanelles, where the stream formed no eddy, and where we again anchored in ten fathoms water. In the afternoon I went ashore and climbed some of the low hills near the water. I found the soil every where fertile and susceptible of the highest improvements; at the same time that nothing could exceed the beautiful diversity of the ground formed into gently rising hills, and terminating from the sea in long ridges of considerable height, but fertile, and cloathed with trees to their summits. Here and there spots were cleared away and cultivated, and formed now most promising fields of wheat and barley. To add to the interest of the scene, the sun was about setting, and as he slanted his golden beams among the bushes, a thousand birds greeted his departure with songs of a melody to which

I had hitherto been a stranger. When I beheld the sun sink behind the mountains of Europe, I then for the first time formed some idea of what the enlightened Asiatics must formerly have conjectured of the barbarous nations of the west, in whose country, to them unknown, the light of day was lost.

Friday, 30th.—The wind still continuing contrary, I again went on shore in the afternoon, carrying with me a musket and a few charges of ball; and after wandering a little way along the coast, turned off to the right, and made for the high lands. In about two hours time, during which I did not meet a single soul, I arrived at a miserable village, situated far up in the mountains, and commanding a most romantic and beautiful view of the whole entrance of the Hellespont, the adjacent coasts of Europe and Asia, besides Tenedos, Imbro, and other islands of the Ægean Sea. This village, although ornamented with two or three minarets, ap-

peared to be chiefly inhabited by Greeks. Here I again found fragments of ancient pillars, of the same dimensions, and of a stone similar to those which I had observed in the plains of Troy. Even in this miserable place there was a coffee-house, into which some Turks, who were sitting at the door, made signs for me to enter. When I had done so, a venerable old man immediately warmed a little coffee, which he presented in two small cups, one within the other, with all the grounds, and without sugar or milk; and afterwards a draught of cold water, and a pipe of Syrian tobacco. The land round this village, though high, was fertile and tolerably cultivated; and in and round it were many fountains of clear and excellent water. On my return I met a long string of loaded camels; that animal so characteristic of Asia. Several young ones were running alongside of their dams, being thus early accustomed to the fatigues of travelling. Four Turks on horseback, and

loaded with arms, closed the procession, and saluted me with great civility. This evening calm, with clear moonlight.

Saturday, 31st.—About mid-day a favourable breeze sprang up, and we weighed anchor. The current running strongly against us, it was four o'clock before we passed the narrow entrance of the Dardanelles. Fortifications on each side, constructed by the French engineer De Tott, and which appear a jumble of European and Asiatic styles, are provided with enormous pieces of artillery. These, however, could not be fired above two or three times before they might be effectually silenced by a few ships of war; so little are the advantages of the most admirable military and political situations understood by this ignorant people. The wind, however, did not long continue to favour us; it once more fell calm, and we were obliged to anchor at the mouth of a small river on the Asiatic side, near Lapsaco. In the night-time, however, we

were again allured by light and favourable airs to get under weigh; but were again deceived, and glad to reach the European shore, where we anchored about day break. Such are the tantalizing winds which are generally experienced here at this season of the year by vessels bound up to Constantinople. Those, on the contrary, steering downwards, sail rapidly along, with winds generally favourable, and a strong current constantly so; and this stream which sometimes detains vessels bound to the eastward many weeks, nay, months, is the only inconvenience attending the noble strait separating Europe from Asia.

Sunday, 1st June.—At mid-day a favourable breeze sprang up, and we once more got under weigh. All this day the wind continued fair; and before sun-set we had passed Gallipoli, a large town on the western side of the Hellespont, where it begins to open out into the sea of Marmora. In fine weather nothing can ex-

ceed the beauty of the whole of this navigation; having Europe constantly on the one hand and Asia on the other. Of these the Asiatic shore is the more varied and romantic, presenting spots of singular beauty, though almost wholly abandoned to nature; but on the European side there are in general more symptoms of cultivation; especially as we approach Constantinople. Towns and villages are oftener seen, and have a more thriving appearance. At ten o'clock at night, being beautiful moonlight, we passed the high and rocky island of Marmora, lying in the middle of the sea to which it gives name. Even by the faint light of the moon we could discern the distant mountains of Asia, and the outlines of Olympus darkly towering above all; an extinguished Etna, to which it is similar in shape, and almost equal in height.

Monday, 2d.—By day-break we were within twenty miles of Constantinople, and the wind continuing sometimes to fa-

vour, and sometimes to baffle us, by eleven o'clock we were off the Seven Towers, an ancient fortification, now well known as a state prison, and which bounds Constantinople on its south western angle. Soon afterwards we passed Seraglio Point, when we immediately opened the port, and had a full view of this celebrated city.

CHAP. VIII.

Constantinople.—Passage to Smyrna.—Smyrna.

In conformity with my plan in passing through Italy, I shall say but little of this city, so often described and so justly celebrated. A residence of seven days gave me time to observe some of its principal features, but not sufficient to collect materials for adding to the information already possessed on the subject; and Gibbon has described it with such a masterly hand, that it must greatly change in appearance before any fresh account becomes requisite. On every side it rises from the edge of the water up to the summits of its seven hills, which it covers as well as the intermediate vallies. The port is among the most beautiful and commodious in the world; and such is the depth of water

that vessels of the greatest burthen may be moored close to the principal wharfs. Towers, palaces, the domes of ancient mosques, built for far other rites than those of Mahomet, innumerable slender minarets, and lofty trees mingled with houses, give to the whole a romantic and most striking appearance, totally differing in character from any city I have yet beheld. The neck of land on which the seraglio and its gardens stand, presents a most admirable situation for the palace of a great monarch in the metropolis of his empire. Within his walls the Sultan may enjoy the most profound retirement, amid groves of ancient trees or delicious gardens. Yet he has only to mount a terrace to behold all the bustle of an immense city; and every vessel that enters the port must pass within a few hundred yards of the outer walls. The greater part indeed come close by the point, particularly when it is calm, or the wind contrary, and it is thought adviseable to tow them against the current.

From every point of view the Seraglio has a charming effect. Besides a great number of palaces, houses, and groves of venerable cypress and other trees within its inclosures, the Mosque of St. Sophia stands close to one of the gates, and in a general view mingles its domes and minarets with the whole scene. A moderately high wall surrounds the whole; and no Christian, without a firman or licence from the Grand Signior, can enter the gates. The sight of these majestic groves, which tower above the walls and some of the palaces, almost makes a stranger forget the restraint which reigns within; and even this slight feeling for individuals is soon removed by the reflection that the whole is in unison with the general state of manners among the Turks. In point of restraint, there is little difference between the Sultana and the wife of the poorest artisan.

During the time of my stay at Constantinople, warlike preparations were carrying on with great activity. Every day a Fri-

gate or ship of war fully equipped was sent out of the marine arsenal, and anchored above the suburb of Topana, where a small fleet was already collected. In all points they endeavoured as much as possible to imitate the customs of the English navy; striking their colours and firing muskets at sun-set. On shore several camps were formed. At Scutari, on the Asiatic shore, thirty thousand men were already collected, and their numbers daily increasing. As a novelty in Turkey, barracks were erecting and almost finished at a little distance from the town, and sixty thousand men are said to be already armed and disciplined in the European manner. If, however, their tactics are not superior to those of a small body of gunners that I saw daily paraded near the arsenal, their more intelligent enemies will have little to apprehend from them. The unskilfulness with which they performed the simplest movements was truly striking.

From this great concourse of troops to the vicinity of the capital, and from the miserable and unsettled state of many of the provinces, provisions were rising in price at Constantinople, and murmurs began to be heard. But nothing can be easier than to lower the price of bread. The Sultan passed an edict that it should not be sold above a certain rate, under pain of death, and several unfortunate Greek bakers were almost immediately the victims of this edict, being hanged before their own doors, on a charge of having violated it. It is evident that similar measures will be resorted to in other departments; what then can be expected from a government so ignorant of the first elements of political economy?

Constantinople swarms with dogs in every quarter, which live in the streets like wolves in an immense forest. The constant presence of man deprives them of their ferocity; but they roam about as if in a state of nature, and, except in the

suburbs of Pera, generally bark at Franks, whom they readily distinguish by their dress. In the night time it is even dangerous for an European stranger to walk alone, as well on this as on other accounts; before nine o'clock in the evening the Turkish streets are almost entirely deserted, and stories are related of solitary strangers being attacked and even torn to pieces by troops of hungry dogs. They are said to observe their separate streets and quarters with great exactness, and not to permit any intruders amongst them. No sooner does such an one appear, than the whole tribe is up in arms against him, nor is he safe until he has passed the limits of his own territories.

It is singular that, notwithstanding its admirable situation, the commerce of Constantinople is trifling in proportion to the population and extent. For one foreign vessel bound directly and expressly to this port, ten at least go to Smyrna, either to carry or take away cargoes. This suffici-

ently demonstrates that none of the great articles of export from Turkey are raised to the eastward of Constantinople; and indeed, casting our attention to the eastward and southward, we find that Asia Minor and the Grecian islands produce all the cotton, silk, wool, drugs, gums, &c. which the Turks give in exchange to other nations. Notwithstanding this, however, with a mild government, the capital, when a seaport, would always attract a considerable share of commerce; but under the ignorant despotism which now oppresses it, little more is imported than what is likely to be consumed on the spot. It is impossible to behold without regret a situation marked by nature and chosen by man as the centre of a great kingdom, in the hands of the Turks, a people totally incapable of appreciating its advantages and importance. But great events are fast hastening to maturity; before half a century be elapsed the sword may retake what the sword has gained, and christian rites

once more be celebrated within the walls of St. Sophia.

Having now obtained the farthest object to which my journey tended, and having gratified my ardent desire of seeing Constantinople, it behoved me to think in what manner I should return to England. To effect this there appeared to me three principal routes; either to go wholly by land through Belgrade and Vienna to whatever port on the German Ocean might appear most eligible; to pursue my voyage up the Black Sea as far as Odessa, and then across Russia to Petersburgh or Riga, where I was certain of finding vessels bound to England; or, thirdly, to return on my steps to Smyrna, and thence embark directly for England. The first of these modes was the most to my inclination, but various obstacles presented themselves; above all, the state of insurrection in which the country was between Constantinople and the German territories. This consideration, at all times

of importance, was rendered still more so by the recent fate of Mr. Wood, an English messenger, who had been murdered at about one hundred miles from Constantinople. A boy who accompanied him saved his own life by throwing himself down in a shallow pool of water, where he contrived to breathe, while he lay as if dead; and when soon afterwards a caravan passed by, he gave intelligence, and the body of his master was decently interred. A favourite dog of Mr. Wood gave a fresh example of the fidelity of these animals. He had watched the dead body of his master; and when it was buried he stretched himself across the grave. Here he lay for several days, and could not be enticed away, until being nearly exhausted by hunger and watching, he returned to Constantinople, and suddenly appeared at the door of his master's former habitation, worn almost to a shadow. The second plan presented no similar dangers or difficulties; but the winds were not only contrary at

present for vessels bound up the Black Sea, but, from the season of the year, likely to continue so. After mature deliberation, therefore, I adopted the third plan, and resolved to return to Smyrna, for which port I was informed there are small vessels sailing almost every day.

Monday, 9th.—The wind still continuing to blow from the north-east, and no appearance of its changing, I have resolved to return upon my steps; and through the channel of a Greek agent find out a Turkish boat going to Smyrna. The regular passage-money I am informed is five Turkish piastres; a Spanish dollar being worth at Smyrna upwards of four piastres. This for a distance of four hundred miles appeared to me very reasonable; and the agreement was immediately made. Having taken a farewell dinner on board of the Success, about four o'clock, I left her with my baggage, and was soon conveyed on board of the boat, which in another hour weighed anchor and set sail.

These boats, called Saickalevas, are in general from about twenty to five and twenty tons burthen, and rigged in a manner nearly similar to the Maltese speronaras, excepting that they carry a small sail close abaft, and a regular top sail and top-gallant sail, in place of the small triangular top-sail used by the Maltese. Like them, however, they use a long boom, slanting outwards from the foot of the foremast, and serving as a sprit to a very large mainsail, which they haul close aft when going upon a wind. On board of this bark, including the crew, there were upwards of fifty men, besides two women and a boy, whom I did not, nor could not, then notice, they being stowed away among the lumber below. I had provided myself for the voyage with three small loaves of bread, of about a pound each, and a few raisins. This they informed me would be sufficient, as the boat would probably be at the Dardanelles the ensuing day, where I might lay in a fresh stock. Meantime, while

wind and tide united to carry us rapidly from Constantinople, I kept my eyes fixed upon that celebrated city, till darkness shut in its towers and minarets from my view. When night came on I looked about a long time in vain for an empty space upon deck where I might lie along to sleep. At length, though not without much grumbling on the part of some of the Turks, I stretched myself out upon a plank which lay across the main-hatchway. A little after midnight, awaking, and finding myself very cold, I descended towards a little berth which I imagined to be half full of goods. Immediately a great uproar. One of the Turks struck me whilst I was entangled, and before I could disengage myself I heard the voices of women below. I at once conceived how far I must have awakened Eastern prejudices, and refrained from returning the compliment; so that I had no other resource but to betake myself once more to my solitary plank, where I slept till day-break.

Tuesday, 10th.—At sun-rise we are already past the island of Marmora, and the wind continuing directly astern, we reach the Dardanelles by three o'clock in the afternoon. Here the boat anchored; and a Turkish agent came off to us, and exacted three piastres from every Turk, and six from every Greek or Armenian on board. The Franks, of whom there were several besides myself, were not called upon to pay any thing. In addition to the regular tribute, the rapacious agent exacted more from the captain, who was obliged, most unwillingly, to draw one piece of money after another out of his purse. After a long dispute the harpy appeared at length satisfied, and left us; when we immediately weighed anchor, and got under sail, without a possibility of my going on shore to buy more bread. This evening the Turk who had struck me the preceding night, presuming on my quietness in that instance, took an opportunity to quarrel with and strike me again. But

being now sure of the justice of my cause, I attacked and upset him in an instant; telling him, at the same time, in Italian, that I was an Englishman, and would not put up with a blow. In confirmation of this I rummaged for my pistols, and laid them under my head, in token of my resolution. This immediately made my antagonist alter his tone; and even the rest of the Turks, who I was afraid would have taken his part, and set upon me with their daggers, for daring to strike a Mussulman, ever afterwards treated me with some respect. A long conversation afterwards took place among these wise politicians, in which the words Inglese and Egypt frequently repeated, were all that I understood.

Wednesday, 11th.—On waking this morning at day-break find the sloop at anchor under a high promontory, which they inform me is called Cape Baba. This is the most western point necessary to be doubled in going from Constantinople to

Smyrna, by the inward passage between the island of Mytelene and the main land. On the summit stands a fort, upon which are mounted a few guns, all of different calibres, and with such miserable carriages that they must dismount themselves at the very first fire. Near the fort is a town, or rather village, inhabited chiefly by Turks, mixed with a few Greeks. Here are manufactured great numbers of attagans, or Turkish swords, resembling large knives, but rather concave on the edge. Their scymetars, on the contrary, are much more convex than those used by the generality of European cavalry, and, contrary to our custom, they wear them by their sides, with the convex or sharp edge uppermost. The arms made at Cape Baba are highly esteemed throughout Turkey. As the wind detained us here the whole of the day, I had as much time as I could wish to examine the place and the surrounding country. The first is poor and mean in appearance; but the latter presents

many grand views, and suggests many important observations. From the summit of Cape Baba may be seen to the northward the island of Tenedos, and the Asiatic side of the entrance of the Dardanelles, and, doubtless, in clear weather, Lemnos, Imbro, and other islands to the north-west. Close in view, directly south, lies Mytelene, but stretching away to the westward; and to the east lies the deep gulph of Casadaly, and the high lands which form the southern side of its entrance. Such were the objects discernible when the atmosphere was by no means clear; in fine weather the view must be still more extensive and delightful. But independently of the different views, the Cape itself must always be an interesting object to the naturalist. Its base, formed of close solid rock; half way up a porous stone, resembling sponge, and apparently tinged with sulphur; and above that, torrents of mud, filled with large smooth stones, and adhering so strongly, that

large masses separate, and roll down without breaking into small pieces. Even to me these objects were striking. At the village I renewed my stock of bread and raisins; and in the evening resumed my wooden couch, the possession of which no person seemed now inclined to dispute with me.

Thursday, 12th.—Got under weigh at sun-rise with a fine breeze, but not sufficiently favourable to allow us to go between Mytelene and the main; we were obliged therefore to stand still farther to the westward, to double that island. About eight o'clock we passed close by a small boat filled with water, and although most probably it had merely parted while towing astern of some vessel, yet at sea meeting similar objects, even the smallest piece of wreck has a melancholy effect. We went close round the west end of Mytelene, through a very narrow and dangerous passage, between that island and two or three other small islands and rocks

which lie off the point. Within, there is a fine bay and anchorage for small vessels, but the depth of water at the entrance is not above three fathoms. About the centre of the bay is a fort, built to keep off the small Maltese privateers, who in their former wars with the Turks used to shelter here, and keep the island in perpetual alarm. All day we kept running along shore, and towards evening stretched over for the gulph of Smyrna. At sun-set were becalmed off Cape Kara Couroun, having the island of Scio in full view upon our right.

Friday, 13th.—This morning entered the gulph with light but favourable airs, which continuing, we came to anchor off Smyrna before mid-day. Although only in a paltry boat, it yet carried two small guns, with which they saluted the other vessels; and in return, all the Turkish, and several of the Grecian barks, hoisted their colours, fired guns, and beat their monotonous drums. The Turks, like boys, are

fond of the noise and smoke of artillery. We were presently surrounded with boats, and in a short time I once more set my foot on the shore of Smyrna.

Saturday, 14th.—My first care was to enquire whether there were any vessels in the port bound to England, but found only one, and that not likely to sail for some time. I was thus detained five weeks here, which gave me an opportunity of correcting or confirming my former ideas of the place.

Smyrna is situated on the south-east side, and towards the head of the gulph to which it gives name. It is built partly on a narrow flat along the water, and partly on the side of a steep hill of considerable height, on the top of which are the remains of a very old castle, formerly the citadel of the town. This hill runs obliquely to the bay, so that it continues to leave more and more space between its skirts and the water. The other ridges, both of high mountains and smaller hills,

with which it is connected, make a semi-circular sweep round the head of the bay, and the sea has evidently receded from their bases, leaving a fertile and extensive flat to the eastward of the town. The origin of Smyrna is involved in the uncertainty of Grecian fable. As it was one of the seven cities which claimed the honour of Homer's birth, it must even at that period have been long established; for the number of claimants sufficiently shews that each trusted more to its own antiquity and splendour than to any positive proofs that could be adduced. Certain it is, that in the earliest period of commerce in this part of the Mediterranean, the present site of Smyrna must have offered advantages for the foundation of a city too obvious to be overlooked. In a country where there are few or no large navigable rivers, men would naturally resort to the bottom of deep gulphs and bays, which in many respects supply their place. The gulph of Smyrna possesses peculiar advan-

tages; for although at first sight it may appear very open, there is yet a bank which stretches along its north-western shore, and in one part approaches so near to a point of land, on the opposite or south side, as to leave only a narrow passage of about half a mile for ships of ordinary burthen. This pass must in all periods have easily admitted of defence; and consequently any towns situated within it have been out of danger of attacks by sea. Upon this point, which is about eight miles from the present town, the Turks have built a miserable fort, with a few guns of wide calibre, but without carriages, to which they trust for the defence of Smyrna. An intelligent people would erect a fort upon the bank, where there are not above eight or nine feet of water, and which might at the same time be made to serve for a light-house. Such a fort, together with batteries upon both shores, might effectually prevent even the smallest boat from passing. In other points of

view, this bank, composed of a very soft mud, and the flat lands which surround the head of the bay, sufficiently shew that it is gradually filling up, like that arm of the sea near which ancient Ephesus stood, but which is now converted into an immense marshy flat. Such are the revolutions of ages.

The town viewed from the bay presents nothing striking; except perhaps the mixture of cypress trees with the houses. The minarets are low, and few in proportion to its extent; neither are there any clusters of lofty domes, as in the mosques of Constantinople. Amid this paucity of objects the national flags of the different European factories along the shore attract the eye of a stranger. The height of the flag-staffs, and their painting and gilding, seem to be great subjects of emulation; and in time of war it appears at first sight somewhat singular to behold English, French, and Dutch colours waving close together. These colours mark the quarters

of the Franks along the edge of the bay; and around them in every direction are the habitations of the Greeks and Armenians. Turk Town, as it is called, forms the centre and western part of Smyrna; and the quarter of the Jews is above all, on the steepest slope of the hill. Their burying-ground open and unadorned with trees, bounds the whole to the south-west. On every other side the number and extent of the Turkish burying-grounds are astonishing; but especially to the eastward. Here, as at Constantinople, they are thickly planted with cypresses, which form long narrow cones. The Turks bury their dead chiefly in the night; and place the body fronting towards Mecca. At each end of the grave are upright stones; that at the head ornamented with a turban, carved on the top, and generally painted, by which means the rank of the deceased is known. If for a female the grave-stone is commonly plain, although some have miserable representa-

tions of mosques carved upon them. Inscriptions in gilt letters from the Koran are common to both. Low stones mark the graves of youths, and the little turbans which ornament them form a striking and as plain a description as the weeping Cupids, the drooping flowers, or the torch reversed, of an English tomb-stone.

The Greeks, on the contrary, so far from burying in the night, carry their dead with the face uncovered; and if it be a child or a young person, they strew the bier with flowers. It is an affecting sight to behold the body of a beautiful child carried along like a waxen image, drest out in its best clothes, and covered with roses. The Jews have different modes of interment; and we know what are the ceremonies of the Franks. Were there twenty different sects in Smyrna, they would all be distinguished by different rites, for it is in the ceremonies practised after birth, marriage, or death, that the

different tribes of mankind take a pride in distinguishing themselves.

Smyrna is said to contain one hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants: but from the sea its apparent extent does not seem to justify the belief of so large a population. On entering the town, however, we find the streets exceedingly narrow, which, joined to the crowded manner in which the Asiatics live together, renders it credible. Every thing arrests the attention of an European traveller on his first landing at an Asiatic town. The form of the buildings, the narrow streets, the bazars or rows of covered shops, the dress of the inhabitants, their turbans, their flowing robes, their red, yellow, and green boots, and their expressive features, with long beards or mustachios; all form a contrast to the manners which he has hitherto been accustomed to observe. From their long and extensive intercourse with foreigners, or rather of foreigners with

them, a man in the European dress is scarcely stared at in any quarter of the town; but there is little pleasure in traversing it, one street being so like another, all narrow, and most of them inconvenient. The kennel is in the middle, and occupies one half of the width, and as it is there that the asses and camels pace along, if there happens to be any water or mud you are sure to be splashed from head to foot. Few horses are to be seen; even the Franks frequently making their excursions upon asses, riding with short stirrups, and upon a kind of wooden cradle rather than a saddle.

Upon the top of the hill above the town are the ruins of an old fortress, once the citadel of Smyrna. I was informed that it was sometimes dangerous to wander there; but not being able to find a companion, I was obliged, if I wished to examine it, to go alone. The top of the hill is a solid rock, and where there is any soil it appears to have been artificially

formed. On the eastern side is a deep valley, the rocks rising from it very steep and abrupt, so that the castle must have been formerly impregnable on this side. The walls are in some parts quite entire, together with the steps for mounting the ramparts, but in other places they are fallen down, and nearly level with the rock. Within them are long subterraneous passages, and the ancient reservoir for water for the garrison. This is an oblong cut in the solid rock, of about one hundred feet by seventy, and twelve or fifteen in depth. It is divided by arches, supported on twenty-four square pillars, and many of the earthen pipes by which the water was poured down into it are still remaining. As it is formed on the very summit of the hill, very little rain could have been collected here, so that all the water must have been brought with great labour from below. Upon the whole, it may be called a representation on a smaller scale of the immense reservoir formed on

the heights above Baiæ. On the right hand of one of the entrances there is a colossal head, of white marble, seemingly Grecian, inserted in the wall, but which the Turks, with a barbarous piety, have entirely mutilated. Over the gateway is a long inscription in Greek; and two eagles, one on each side, chiselled out upon the stone, have escaped the mutilating piety of the Mahometans; but they are far from presenting any thing remarkable, either in the design or execution. Farther down the hill to the southward are the remains of a chapel, said to have been dedicated to St. John; and not far from it is a part of an old thick wall, which, with the faint outlines of a ditch, seems to indicate that the outworks of the castle formerly extended thus far. Out of the ruins of this chapel the Turks have constructed several tombs on the brow of the hill, and one of them which appeared recently built was adorned with the green boughs of trees.

About three miles from Smyrna, east,

is the pool or bath of Diana. It is said that a temple to Diana formerly stood here; and some remains of very solid walls, now overthrown by earthquakes, and lying in the water, sufficiently evince that there have been large buildings near the spot. This pool lies to the eastward of the town; and is formed by a number of beautiful and clear springs, which rise a little to the left of the high road to Burnéhbat. This little piece of water, which might be rendered one of the greatest ornaments to the neighbourhood of Smyrna, is almost entirely neglected, and serves only to turn a mill, immediately after which it forms a small river, and falls into the bottom of the bay. The stream, though in some parts not above ten or twelve feet in breadth, is yet of depth sufficient to admit moderate sized boats up to the very source; and I have frequently seen them waiting for a load from the mill. Diana's Pool affords one instance amidst a thousand others of the

baneful influence of despotic power. Although lying in the neighbourhood of the most populous city of Asia Minor, surrounded by a flat and very fertile country, between the mountains, and the head of the bay, and affording a copious and perpetual run of fine water, it serves only the purposes of a single mill, and to supply a few ditches which divide the marshes towards the sea. A large oak spreads its branches over the principal spring, and now and then a Turk may be seen smoking in ignorant happiness under its shade. It is indeed, even at present, and might be rendered still more, a spot particularly calculated for the luxuries of a warm climate, affording gushing springs, the shade of trees, and a pure running stream. But who will speculate under a government where there is no security either for life or property? The Turks are very partial to such spots; but their indolence stops them about a mile and a half nearer to the town, on the same road, where a kind of

coffee-garden attracts great numbers every evening. It is nothing more than a short walk, formed by two rows of trees, upon the borders of the Meles, once sacred to Homer, but now a small brook, which is here dammed across, so as to collect the water to the width of six or eight yards. On the opposite side of the brook is a large burying-ground, full of tomb-stones and tall cypresses; and an old bridge of a single arch, over which runs the public road, completes the scenery of this Smyrnean paradise. Under the shade of these trees, and on the border of this puddle, Turks, Greeks, Jews, Armenians, and Franks, unroll their mats, fold their legs under them, like the camel, and give themselves up to the reveries of coffee and tobacco. To enliven the scene, tellers of stories resort hither, and with ludicrous gestures and grimaces cheat the grave Turks into a smile, raising their ponderous mustachios as it were in spite of them. To imitate the staggering and

stuttering of a drunken man is a never-failing source of merriment, which is sometimes changed for the shriller voice and the gait of a woman, or the crying of a child. Having finished the tale, they beat a little tambourine, and go round the audience, like the slave of Ali Baba, collecting in it the paras (a small coin), which if their story has been well told are liberally bestowed. The representation of human life and manners will always be interesting to man; and the stage is founded on principles and feelings common to all nations. Where laws or superstitions interfere to prevent a close representation, men will still make as near approaches as possible. The relators of stories are the actors of the Turks, and coffee-houses are their theatres. Caravan Bridge is the theatre of Smyrna; and Aristotle himself, were he to rise from the dead, could not criticise the unity of the scene which, whether it be tragedy or comedy, a battle or a marriage, the sighing of a despairing

lover, or the roarings of a drunken Frank, is ever and still the same, a pond, a one-arched bridge, and a burying-ground.

Were I Sultan of Smyrna, I would cause a capacious basin to be hollowed out round Diana's Pool, which would soon be converted into a small but beautiful lake, the borders of which I would plant thickly with trees, the tall cypress, the spreading oak and the elm, and near them should grow the fig tree, the orange, the olive, and the vine. When my lake was once filled, the river would flow the same as before, and then I would turn my attention towards it. I would deepen it in some parts, widen it in others, make it flow in a straight line here, and there give it a noble curve. By the help of a single lock, a sufficient depth of water might always be preserved for boats even of a considerable burthen, besides supplying innumerable rills, to be conveyed over the whole of that extensive flat, at the head of the Gulph of Smyrna, which in the

course of ages has been gained from the sea. Then all this noble plain, which at present exhibits here a garden, there a sandy flat, and there a reedy marsh, would become one garden, thickly studded with houses. This plain would then, as now, be bounded on one side by the sea, and on the other by the steep mountains which curve round the head of the gulph. But then I cannot help thinking that my fig trees and vines would cross the narrow road of Burnéhbat, and creep up the surrounding hills. I am certain they would. Nay, I vow to Heaven they shall. With that I rise in an exstacy, and overturn at once my seat, and my hypothesis. I wake from my kingly dream, and find myself an Englishman in a foreign land, the abode of slavery. Nay, even the few English that are here know me not; and were I to die to-morrow would follow me to the grave without a tear. Why then should I alone struggle with the despotism which oppresses the whole empire, and crushes

every virtuous effort in the bud ? I will be a Greek ; and as I see no Turk near me, I will bury all my woes in momentary oblivion. Adieu, dreams, for the happiness of my brother men, why should they make me unhappy ? Give me wine, that I may forget my wretchedness. Give me wine, whether it be of Scio or Mytelene, that I may plunge into a delirious joy, and become so far emboldened as to dare secretly to curse my oppressors.

The neighbourhood of Smyrna presents few objects interesting to the antiquarian, so completely have the revolutions of time and nature obliterated the traces of its ancient grandeur. It is even disputed whether the present town stand upon the same spot as that which claimed the honour of Homer's birth. From the top of the hill, however, on which the castle stands, an aqueduct is visible across the valley below, to the eastward ; and I took an opportunity of visiting it. Arriving at Caravan Bridge, a path leads to the right,

and after passing through several gardens, and crossing the stream two or three times, we arrived at the Aqueduct about two miles up the valley. It is irregular, and badly built, of thirteen unequal arches, but double in the centre. The Meles flows underneath the middle arch ; and the solid masses of rock on each side of the valley covered at their summits with bushes, and at their bases with trees, render the scene at all times of interest, even in the height of summer, when the river of Homer scarcely creeps along its bed, and is lost among the gravel directly below the public road. Several parties of Turks, peaceably inclined, were sitting along the borders of the stream, smoking their pipes in profound silence. Others who were abroad, of a different disposition, fired with ball from the heights, and the report and the sound of their bullets striking the rocks near me, were heard almost at the same instant. These people always carrying loaded arms take a boyish pleasure in

using them; and if by mistake or otherwise the ball should go through the head of some Frank, it is only a Gaur or Infidel less in the world. This is their consolation, or rather a subject of boasting.

In Smyrna itself, except some towers and walls belonging to the old fortifications, I could discover but one spot which exhibited traces of antiquity. This was in the upper part of the town, in the middle of burying-grounds, where are still standing the shafts of some lofty pillars, and which are vaguely said to have constituted part of a great temple dedicated to Jupiter Olympus. The whole of the rest of those columns, once so sacred, have disappeared; or, being broken into pieces, serve as head stones to the graves of ignorant Mussulmen. Near this spot, within a small inclosure, is a plain square altar of stone, with an inscription in Greek almost effaced. This is foolishly said to be Homer's seat, from which he delivered lectures to his scholars. It may have been the pedes-

tal of a statue; but from its being within the site of the ancient temple, and the space round it unoccupied, there can be little doubt of its having been an altar, and the ground on which it stood long regarded as sacred. Such is a slight sketch of Smyrna; let us now consider the inhabitants of this empire, as far as our short stay has enabled us to observe them.

CHAP. IX.

Characters of the Modern Turks and Greeks.

THE different races which are under the Turkish government continue as separate and distinct from each other as the first day of their being assembled together. The Turk, the Greek, the Armenian, the Jew, and the Frank, though living in the same city, or even the same village, inhabit houses differently laid out, eat a different food, speak different languages, wear a distinguishing dress, and worship God with different rites. Over the whole the Turk is the master. The first glance announces it. He is generally tall, robust, and well-proportioned, and steps either with freedom or a settled gravity. His countenance, naturally fuller of expression

than that of the northern European, is rendered still more martial by his whiskers and turban. Whatever may be his accidental profession, he considers himself as born a soldier. It may be said that the subjects of the Grand Sultan are divided into casts, and that the Turk is the warrior or fighting tribe, which in all countries has ever been prone to abuse its strength, even without the additional incentive of difference in manners, language, and religion. It is not to be wondered at, then, that the Turks should domineer over the Greeks and Jews, whom they regard as tributaries and slaves. Instances of oppression and insult, both general and individual, sometimes indeed occur of a nature so atrocious as almost to exceed belief. Having acquired these fine countries by the sword, they seem conscious that they hold them by no other right; and go always armed, carrying loaded pistols and a long dagger in their belt, and which being embossed with silver, they delight to exhibit and

handle. With these sentiments, and surrounded only by slaves, they naturally acquire a haughty air which, from the state of their manners, partakes of ferocity. At the smallest provocation, and most often without any at all, their hands are ready to strike an Infidel, and they never dream of his having the madness or insolence to return the blow. If two stout Greeks be fighting in the street, a Turk comes between them, pushes each a different way; and adds kicks and blows, should they still linger near each other. They look upon the life of an Infidel as of little more value than that of a brute; and indeed do not seem to estimate their own at a very high rate. They have some traits of the true military character; are fond of horses and arms; and detest the sea. They delight in the pomp, and noise, and glitter, of war; and they can blind themselves for a short time in the hour of battle to its dangers; but its incessant fatigues soon dishearten them; and although

they insult the Christians at Constantinople and Smyrna, they have learnt to tremble before them on the banks of the Danube, and the borders of the Euxine. This, then, betrays the whole secret of their haughtiness. It is founded on the conquests of their remote ancestors, not on their own tried strength.

In a word, deluded by the semblance of war, and really enervated by long habits of peace, and by a religion, the rewards of which are entirely sensual, the Turk is willing to have a foretaste in this world of the cooling shades, the pure running streams, the soft slumbers, and the Houris of Paradise. Tents adorned with fringes, horses gaily caparisoned, and splendid arms, serve only to wake him gently from these luxurious dreams, that he may fall to slumber again with a better relish, and dream that he is a soldier. So much of war as consists in that he does not dislike. But long and tedious marches, painful wounds, above all, the profound study and

science of war, are wholly unsuited to his temper at once impetuous and indolent. Where it is possible by a single violent exertion to obtain his end, the Turk may succeed; but disappointed in that first effort, he retires like the tyger who has missed his spring, and requires a long interval of repose to recruit his scattered ferocity.

The radical and incurable defects of the Turkish character proceed in my opinion from their religion. All attempts of a legislature to define exactly, not merely what is vice and what is virtue, but also the daily and hourly duties of the man and the citizen, may form a peculiar and separate people, a nation of Jews or of Turks, but once formed, that nation remains for ever incapable of improvement. Such is the defect of the Koran. Its simple precepts, its strict prohibitions, were well calculated to bind together the wandering tribes of the Desert, but become too minute in some instances, and too desultory

in others, when considered as the sole code of laws for an immense Empire. Swathing clothes may strengthen the child, but if not timely removed, effectually prevent its becoming a man. Mohammed fixed at once the moral limits of his people. He sketched no faint outline; but, on the contrary, marked it with so strong a hand, that the line of distinction is for ever drawn, not merely between the Turk and the Christian, but between the Turk and the philosopher. It is impossible to be a true Mussulman and a lover and cultivator of those arts and sciences which adorn and exalt mankind. The Koran must be laid aside before the sources of real knowledge can be opened. The Englishman, the Gaul, the German, and the Russian, may each preserve the characteristic manners and customs of his country, and be a Christian; but the Jew or the Turk must be absolutely the same in all climates.

The Greeks form the next great class of

the subjects of the Porte; and it is impossible to survey their present condition without pity, or their character without some contempt. The name of Greece will ever be dear to the scholar; and he delights to trace, even in the vitiated dialect of its present inhabitants, an intimate connection with the language of Homer, of Plato, of Anacreon. He listens and feels a kind of pleasing surprize at hearing this language, perhaps even yet the noblest in use among men, spoken by mariners, by women, by servants, and by children. In his evening walks he eagerly returns the salutation of Kala nictan, or Kalo spera, with which they never fail to greet him; and ancient times are recalled still more strongly to his mind from the mountains, the sea, the plains around him, being all Grecian. He says to himself, "perhaps their customs are still less altered than their language; such may have been nearly the dress of the mariners who fought at Salamis; such of the freemen

who conquered at Marathon; and such the manners of their women." Like their ancestors, they are still fond of throwing the disc or quoit; like them, the olive still forms a material article of their food. But the pleasing delusion can be carried no farther. On longer and closer intimacy, he finds the modern Greek smooth but deceitful; boasting but cowardly; vain yet abject, and cringing under the most insulting tyranny; light and capricious without invention; talkative without information; and equally bigoted with the Spaniard or Italian, but without the same real warmth of devotion to excuse it.

There is no doubt but that the glories of his ancestors serve by the contrast to render his vices more prominent. Had we not been early taught to admire Grecian courage, wisdom, and talents, we might look upon the meanness of the present race with less emotion. But who can think, without regret, that the descendants of the conquerors of Marathon are

cowards and slaves; that for so many centuries not a single poet has arisen in the country of Homer; and that the place of Plato and the Philosophers is supplied by ignorant priests; and of their scholars, by a still more ignorant people? The Greeks of this day present, in their moral character, the same spectacle as that of a man to whom Heaven has granted the doubtful blessing of very long life. The name, the glory of former days, and numerous other circumstances, are unchanged; but when compared with the past it is indeed a second childishness, and mere oblivion.

"Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every thing."

But however debased in a moral point of view, the Greeks still retain much of what we may suppose to have been their former physical character. Few amongst them are deformed or ugly; but on the contrary, those from the Morea and the western islands of the Archipelago are in general remarkably stout, with broad shoulders and thick necks; whilst those of the

other islands, and from Constantinople, Smyrna, and the coasts of Asia, supply by the elegance what is deficient in the strength of their make. Their physiognomies are expressive, but still less so than those of the Turks; and the women, when young, are generally beautiful and sprightly, but their beauty is of short duration. They are fond of wearing flowers on their head; and a robe sitting close to the body, and flowing loose behind, forms the Asiatic part of their dress, the remainder being very similar to that used by women in England or France. The men dress in short jackets and vests, with loose trowsers, which come just below the knee; and the common people, like the Turks, have the legs bare, with only a pair of slippers on the feet. They seldom shave the upper lip; which, with their bushy hair, and a little red cap on the crown of their heads serves often to give them a wild look, but never a dignified or martial air. Slavery is too strongly marked on every feature, and

sadly fills up many a profile that would appear to have been destined for a Miltiades, a Conon, or a Philopœmen.

Even Turkish oppression, however, cannot entirely destroy the natural chearfulness of their dispositions, inspired by the fine climate under which they live. They are fond of songs and dancing; and there are few, even of their smallest vessels, which have not on board at least one musician, furnished with a small violin or rebeck, and sometimes the Spanish guitar. Upon these, when becalmed amongst the islands, or sailing with light breezes along the coast of Greece, they play wild, and often not unpleasing airs; and when a favourite tune is touched the mariners join their voices in concert. The first part of the English tune of God save the King is very popular with the Greeks at Smyrna; but the second is either beyond their abilities, or not suited to their taste. It is said, indeed, that they seldom retain the second part of any European tune.

After all, the sensations with which we view the degraded state of Greece, and that of Rome, are very different, and arise from the same principles, which induce us to admire the conquerors, but to lament the departed benefactors of mankind. The modern German, or Gaul, or Briton, ascends the Capitol with a kind of triumph; or at least views the wide-spread ruins with a quiet melancholy. His heart is touched with pity for the general instability of human greatness, but not for the fate of the Romans. On the contrary, reflecting on the cruelty, the arrogance, the injustice of that people, and seeing all around him monuments of their triumphs over the ignorant courage of his ancestors, he feels as at the sight of the tomb of an unjust adversary; he does not insult his fate, but he does not lament it.

We deplore the degeneracy of Greece on the other hand with unmixed regret. Philosophy and Mathematics, Sculpture, Poetry, Painting, and Architecture; in short,

all the arts and sciences which adorn and improve life were either cultivated or carried to perfection in this once happy country. In courage and the love of liberty its inhabitants yielded not to the Romans, and that unstained with the lust of universal conquest. We feel then towards them as instructors to whom we are indebted for so many of the blessings of science which we now enjoy; and we owe them no grudge for the honour of our forefathers. They did not stain the Danube, the Rhine, the Seine, or the Thames, with blood. On the contrary, they fought at Marathon, at Salamis, at Platea, not merely the battles of Greece, but of Europe, which they saved from an inundation of the Persians!

Such, then, are the different sensations with which we consider the downfal of the two people which, the one by arms and the other by arts, have had so great an influence in forming the manners and characters of modern Europe. But in lamenting the degeneracy of the Grecians, let us

not adopt the idle clamour of attributing it entirely to the despotism of the Turkish government. They were a despicable race long before the Turks subdued them, and strong traces of their degeneracy may be discovered in their history two thousand years ago. They had begun to talk, and ceased to perform, before the Romans interfered in their affairs; and at the Isthmean Games, Titus Quinctius * obliquely called them slaves by declaring them free. The extravagant joy to which they gave themselves up on that occasion is an exact picture of what might be expected from modern Greeks in similar circumstances. The true freeman needs no trumpet to declare that he is so. His looks, his expressions, his own right hand, are the heralds which proclaim his independence.

* See an admirable account of this solemn farce in Livy, lib. 33. cap. 32 and 33.

CHAP. VIII.

Voyage to England.—Candia.—Political Observations on the Mediterranean.—Conclusion.

AFTER remaining five weeks at Smyrna, I sailed in an English brig bound to London. The Captain, alarmed by a current report of two French privateers being cruizing in the common track of vessels bound either up or down the Mediterranean, determined to avoid the supposed danger by steering a more unusual course, and going round the east end of Candia, the ancient Crete. About the middle of July we sailed from Smyrna; but calms and baffling airs detained us long in the mouth of the Gulph, and near the island of Scio. The highest peak in this island, when viewed from the south-south-east, resembles Ætna in shape, and although on a

much smaller scale, is still a high mountain. On the ninth day after our departure we see the island of Rhodes; and on the eleventh were near Cape Solomon, the eastern extremity of Candia. We remained in sight of this island for seven days; sometimes working off, at others standing directly in for the land, and sometimes stretching along shore, from promontory to promontory, with a favourable breeze. We had thus an opportunity of discerning the whole of its southern side, which presents interesting and romantic views, being high land and full of variety. Here are steep mountains, terminating perpendicularly to the sea. There long slopes rising from the water's edge in terraces, of which we can sometimes count ten or twelve in regular succession, one above the other. Sometimes it presents deep vallies bare of trees, but varied by jutting cliffs, which shew the outlines of nature, without her drapery; and sometimes deep bays, where small barks

are anchored. Here sharp peaks rise to the clouds, and are presently succeeded by long and level ridges or gentle undulations. One mountain appears to have been sundered by a violent earthquake; and is cleft in two, throughout the whole of its breadth, by a tremendous chasm. Mount Ida, on the contrary, the nursing-place of Jupiter, the theme of poets, but so long and so shamefully neglected by modern travellers and naturalists, shews above the clouds its volcanic summit, covered with the snows of many winters, and seems destined to perish only in the last convulsions of nature.

The whole is farther varied by steep rocks, which rise here and there from the bottom of the sea, and border the coast. As we approach the western extremity, we notice the small island of Gozo, with several smaller rocks, and distant from Candia about eight or ten leagues. One end of Gozo is worn by the waves into the form of arches, some of them of considerable

height, and through which the sea rushes with great violence. At length we lose sight of Candia, an island which in itself will be always interesting, although it no longer can boast of its hundred cities, its heroes, its legislators, and its Gods. Having now nothing to interrupt our course to Malta, we anxiously expect a favourable breeze; but so great is the general prevalence of calms or light airs in these seas, and at this season, that we did not reach that island till the thirty-eighth day after leaving Smyrna.

Here we were fortunate in finding a convoy appointed to sail for Gibraltar in a few days. This intelligence was the more agreeable on account of our brig being placed in quarantine, by which means I was effectually prevented from going ashore, except under the most disagreeable restrictions. After a week's stay we left Malta, in company with nineteen transports and two vessels of war, and in twenty-five days were anchored under the

rock of Gibraltar. From this place we were in a few days convoyed to the fleet under Lord Collingwood, then off Cadiz, by the Athenienne, which has since been so unfortunately lost near the coast of Africa. On account of the report that Jerome Buonaparte was at sea with four large ships, we received from Lord Collingwood a convoy of a ninety-eight gun ship and a seventy-four. Thus protected, we again proceeded on our course. On the morning of the 24th of October we first saw the English coast; and before mid-day were already past the Eddystone. On the 28th we anchored in Stangate Creek.

Whilst performing quarantine here, I had an opportunity of seeing that madness of imitation which prompts us blindly to copy foreign institutions, without properly attending to the principles on which they are formed. Our present mode of quarantine is the most convenient that can be imagined. The hulks of four old

line of battle ships, properly fitted up, are moored in Stangate Creek, a remote situation, and where vessels coming from abroad can lie close alongside of each, and deliver their cargoes with the greatest facility. Such a system was naturally suggested by our situation, and by the great number of our old ships of war, which, with little additional expence, can at all times be converted into floating lazarettos. But this system would not answer in the principal trading towns of the Mediterranean, because they do not stand upon navigable rivers, and cannot spare in their harbours sufficient space for the purpose. At Marseilles, Genoa, Leghorn, and up the Adriatic, at Venice, Ancona, and Trieste, lazarettos, consequently, are built at a very great expence; surrounded with ditches and high walls, and whither the cargoes of quarantined vessels can be conveyed only in boats.

In spite, however, of the great difference of circumstances, our floating laza-

rettos are about to be abandoned, in favour of a magnificent and expensive building now nearly completed, at the head of the Creek. It forms, indeed, a striking object in the middle of the flats and marshes with which it is surrounded, and which, if placed in the climate where plague originates, would soon convert it truly into a pest-house. Yet after weighing in my mind the advantages of both systems, I cannot but remain decidedly of opinion that we have abandoned the better, suggested by our own good sense, and the nature of circumstances, to take up the worse, originating in situations totally different.

Having thus arrived in England, and finding myself once more on a spot where I can breathe in safety, and speak with freedom, I cannot refrain from casting back a look on the shores and islands of the Mediterranean, although liberty and science no longer flourish there. Whilst in other quarters of the world we search

with much trouble for spots rendered illustrious by past events, the whole of the countries bordering on this sea are in a manner rendered sacred by history. Two lofty mountains, the pillars of Hercules, mark its entrance; innumerable islands diversify its bosom, and nations of the most opposite characters, manners, and religions, inhabit its shores. Spain, Gaul, and Italy, Greece, and its Archipelago, the southern and western coasts of Asia Minor, Syria, Palestine, Egypt, and the whole of that part of Africa formerly under the dominion of Carthage, would form only part of the history of the Mediterranean. Let us, then, be allowed to glance over its present condition, and form conjectures as to its future destinies.

Scarcely do we enter upon our investigation, when we notice with regret, that almost the whole of its northern shore is either directly or indirectly under the dominion of France. In that immense gulph, formed by Spain, France, and

Italy, not a single port is open to a British vessel. At the extremity of the Italian arm of this gulph we find Sicily in the possession of the English, as it were by chance, and not through the motives of a sound policy or a foresight of its great advantages. Leaving Sicily, and passing the mouth of the Adriatic, we arrive at the outskirts of an immense empire, and which, either by arms or similarity of language, manners, and religion, possesses more or less influence over all the rest of the countries bordering on the Mediterranean. Lastly, England, so long as she holds Gibraltar and Malta, and can connect these distant spots by her naval strength, must always have a direct power of interference in the commerce and politics of this sea. Of these three empires, England and France are evidently in a state of progression; and neither appears able materially to check the advance of the other in the line which it has marked out. The Turkish empire, on the con-

trary, is rapidly falling to decay. Pressed on all sides by foreign powers, but still more endangered by its own internal weakness and divisions, its European territories cannot fail in the course of a few years to become a prey to the boundless ambition, either of France, Russia, or Austria, or of the three together. It becomes, then, of high importance to Great Britain to contemplate the probability of this event, and to be clearly and positively decided as to the course of politics it may be most for her honour and interest to pursue.

There are three points of view in which we must regard this subject. Firstly, the general policy of England extending her dominion in the Mediterranean. Secondly, the points which it would be most for her advantage to possess: and lastly, the justice or injustice of such policy. On the first of these questions it may be observed, that either the whole of our sys-

tem of colonial aggrandizement is wrong; or the advantages of extending that system to the Mediterranean must be apparent. If the conquest of an uncultivated, and very generally an unhealthy, island in the West Indies be considered as matter of public exultation, either there are just grounds for that exultation, or the nation is under a miserable delusion. This is matter of profound enquiry. Yet so long as England continues unabatedly and stedfastly to pursue the colonial system, and until some writer shall have proved it to be fundamentally erroneous; so long I may venture to assume it as an axiom, that every new possession, which opens profitable employment for capital and industry, may be considered as advantageous to the country. In this light, then, new accessions to our colonies in the Mediterranean are worthy of attention, because I believe there is no quarter of the world in which Englishmen have been accustomed to

carry on commerce, where so wide a field lies open for speculation, or has been hitherto so badly attended to.

But independent of all commercial considerations, it appears to me advantageous to England to possess more military points or stations in and farther up the Mediterranean. At present she possesses two, Gibraltar and Malta, of which almost the sole value consists in their being fixed military points, which in all calculations for active operations may with a moral certainty be reckoned upon as a basis, whence to proceed or to which to retreat, in case of discomfiture. It is evident what advantage an intelligent commander may draw from being enabled to combine his operations on certain impregnable points, where his mind can rest as it were with perfect safety, and which leave him free to attend to all the rest.

It being supposed then an admitted principle, that the extension of her empire in the Mediterranean would be bene-

ficial to England, let us now examine what points it would be most prudent for her to occupy, putting aside for the present all consideration of the justice or injustice of the measure. It is evident, in the first place, that these points must either be islands or strong situations near the sea, upon the western and southern coasts of Asia Minor, or the northern shore of Africa. Of these, islands are preferable, because they are more easily taken, and more easily defended, by whatever power commands the seas; and when England shall be unable to do that, these points will no longer be necessary or useful to her. It is to the Grecian islands of the Mediterranean, then, that England should turn her attention. The stations which they afford for overawing the neighbouring coasts, both of Europe, Asia, and Africa, in the hands of an intelligent nation, would be of incalculable value. Mytelene and Scio would command the gulph of Smyrna, and intercept

the communication with Constantinople. Milo would afford shelter to innumerable ships in its capacious harbour, and which, by fortifying the heights on each side of the entrance, might be rendered secure against all attacks. Rhodes would command the gulph of Macri, and the south-western angle of Asia Minor; whilst Cyprus, situated far in a corner of the Mediterranean, between Asia and Africa, might controul the contiguous shores from the gulph of Satalia to the Mouths of the Nile. But of all the islands to the eastward of the Morea, Candia is of the greatest importance. This noble island, which extends one hundred and fifty miles in length, in a direction nearly east and west, forms, as it were, a base to the Ægean Sea. Its admirable situation for commerce with Europe, Asia, and Africa, is hardly equalled, and certainly not surpassed, by that of any other spot on the surface of the globe. Add to that, almost the whole of its coast admits of easy

defence, being either high and rocky, close to the sea; or where there are plains or open bays, there are also steep and broken ridges immediately in their vicinity. From Cape Solomon, at its eastern extremity, may be discerned the island of Scarpanto, from which Rhodes and the main land of Asia are visible. From its western end, on the other hand, we may discern the small island of Cerigotto; from Cerigotto, Serigo is visible; and this latter is only separated from the continent of Europe by a strait of less than twenty miles. Thus an intelligent and energetic nation, possessed of Candia, could at all times command the commerce of the Ægean Sea, and must in a few years bring within its influence, or under its direct dominion, every island of the Grecian Archipelago.

To draw every advantage from these islands it would not be necessary to transport thither so many Europeans as would be required to superintend the cultivation

of a single sugar colony; neither when carried thither would they be so liable to disease. On the contrary, the population already existing on these islands and the adjacent coasts would be found sufficient to recruit the English battalions, so that with ease an army might be formed adequate to every emergency to be dreaded there. As to seamen, the Grecian are beyond comparison the best in the Mediterranean, the French only excepted; and their superiority arises merely from their greater knowledge. The Grecian mariners are strong, active, and temperate. They form the chief support of the Turkish navy; and whatever intelligent nation shall first attach them to itself cannot fail to become in time the umpire of the Mediterranean.

It remains to examine the third consideration; namely, the justice or injustice of England pursuing a policy tending to put these islands into her hands. This question may be regarded in two points of

view; as it affects the powers bordering on Turkey; and as it affects the Turkish empire itself. If a foreign power take possession, without just cause, of the provinces of another, it is an act of injustice, not only to the latter, but also to the states bordering on it, since the political relation in which they previously stood are thereby altered. But it is evident that on this plea neither Russia, Austria, nor France, (the three powers principally interested) is entitled to interference with England pursuing a system of insular aggrandizement in the Mediterranean. The first two because they have many years pursued a similar system on the Continent, against the very power in question; and the last because she has acted in the same manner towards every country within her reach.

There would then be no injustice towards these three powers at least, should England possess herself of every island in the Archipelago. Let us now examine

under what circumstances it would cease to be an act of injustice to the Turkish government.

The present population of these islands is composed chiefly of Greeks, who in common with their brethren throughout the Turkish dominions, are reduced to the most abject state of slavery. Every Greek, man, woman, or child, is taxed at a certain annual sum, called head-money, it being expressly paid for a farther indulgence from their masters to wear their heads a year longer. They may thus be said to hold their lives in tenure of the Grand Signior, who may at any time, without injustice, refuse the fine, and cease to permit them to live. But even this general oppression is not the worst. They are subject to the individual caprice and tyranny of every Turk, the meanest of whom may insult the richest Greek with impunity. Being as distinguishable by their dress and appearance as a Negro is in the West Indies by his colour, these

vexations are endless; and consequently to place these islands under a better government would certainly be an act of signal justice towards by far the greater portion of their inhabitants.

But how can this be effected without committing an act of perfidy and injustice towards a power with whom we have been so long at peace, and whose richest province we wrested from France, and honourably restored? If the plea of relieving the oppressed, however justifiable abstractedly, be admitted as a sufficient practical ground of interference, excuses will never be wanting for such interference, and perpetual wars must be the result. England will feel for the descendants of Themistocles, Aristides, or Pericles, as she has already kindly interested herself in another quarter, concerning the lawful heirs of Nabobs or Sultans who have been half a century in their graves. The wicked and mischievous policy which has been pursued in India, on a plan so im-

mense, may be reduced by an able hand to a smaller scale, and applied with effect to the islands and coasts of the Ægean Sea.

Such are the arguments which may be urged against the interference of England respecting the Mediterranean islands, in the approaching crisis of the Turkish empire. But having shewn that her taking possession of these islands would be no injustice to the great neighbouring powers, and an act of signal delivery to the greater part of the present inhabitants, it remains to examine how far it would be unjust towards the Turkish government. For this purpose we must enquire what are the advantages derived by that government from these possessions. These are principally three; a direct revenue raised by the capitation tax; the duties upon their produce ultimately paid at Constantinople or Smyrna; and a supply of seamen for the navy in time of war. Now it is clear that if the ascertained amount of the first

were regularly paid to the Porte from whatsoever quarter; and if to that were added a stipulated and averaged annual sum for the second, the Turkish government could sustain no loss in these two principal points of view, supposing the islands to be removed from under its immediate jurisdiction and interference. For the supply of seamen no recompence can be made in kind, if I may so express myself; but to this venal and degenerate government money supplies the place of every thing else. Should the Turks, however, refuse to part with their power over these islands on any consideration, until compelled by force, let it be remembered that England can in justice urge the matter no farther, and that sooner than consent to employ violence, or permit it to be employed, it will become her both in policy and honour to protect from others those possessions which it was in her power to have appropriated to herself.

Let us then conclude.—So long as the

Turkish government can maintain its accustomed relations with foreign powers, so long England should exert her influence to protect its dominions entire. But when the period arrives that its numerous Christian subjects shall arise and break their chains; when the Beys nominated by itself shall set up their independent principalities in every quarter; finally, when attacked by foreign powers this great Colossus shall crumble down into Asia, whence it arose; then is the period that England must be incessantly on the watch in this quarter. It will be the crisis of the fate of the Mediterranean; and should the dominion of the islands be added to the possession of the neighbouring coasts, the fleets of England may indeed in time of peace cruise idly up and down this sea; but on the slightest dispute or change of politics it will be shut against them, and English merchandise be landed only under the cannon of her ships of war, from Gibraltar to Constantinople.

If the ends of justice be satisfied, it is impossible to survey without pleasure any prospect of change in the present condition of these countries. Their natural advantages and their political circumstances are so completely at variance, that it would appear as if man was there for ever struggling against nature, not to remove her obstacles, but to vitiate and depress, and destroy her kindest efforts. It would indeed be glorious for England to be the first of the western nations in restoring to these countries the light which has been borrowed from them. It would indeed be glorious to revive the freedom of Crete, the taste of Athens, and the discipline of Sparta; to erect the fallen columns, and restore the venerable temples of Greece; but still more, to cover its fields once again with harvests, its hills with vines, its coasts with towns, its seas with vessels. To effect all this requires only a government not completely ignorant of the simplest principles of political economy; not

entirely devoid of the first feelings of humanity; not wholly buried in sensuality and ignorance. Perhaps the light is even now beginning to dawn, although as yet scarcely perceptible through the dark clouds which envelope it: perhaps the entire breaking up of old and corrupt establishments is the necessary preparative to the formation of others more perfect; and Europe may be repaid for its past and present sufferings by a more general diffusion of knowledge, and long ages of liberty and peace.

THE END.

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